# GRIFFIN

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VOLUME XXIII

# THE GRIFFIN

ROYCEMORE SCHOOL

EVANSTON

ILLINOIS

1940



In appreciation of her advice, guidance, and faith in us throughout our four years, we, the Class of 1940, affectionately dedicate this volume of The Griffin to Mrs. Keith Preston.

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt
quae me cumque vocant terrae.

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# UPPER GRADES, ROYCEMORE SCHOOL, 1915-1916

Top Row, Upper School: Marion Barnes, Julia Whitefield, Janet Davis, Frances Pearsons, Emily McCormick, Elizabeth Campbell, Marian Buswell, Sarah Phelps.
Second Row, Eighth Grade: Margaret Wilkinson, Quinn Jackson, Betty Tietgens, Alice Little, Grace Robinson, Grace Pajeau, Florence Buswell, Rosalinda McBean, Mary Shumway.
Front Row, Seventh Grade: Dorothy Lamont, Molly Lawford, Helen Rushton, Virginia Buck, Ethel Rosenfield, Arla Avery, Grace Merrill.

## ROYCEMORE CELEBRATES ITS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Twenty-five years of Roycemore! Years of happiness and growth; times of financial struggle and anxieties, but never a time when faculty or girls have given up the effort to hold our banner high, to make our scholarship sincere, and to keep our motto ever before us, **fortis et prudens simul.**

Our numbers in upper school have grown from the eight in the last row of the group above to an average of one hundred twenty-five; our plant, from one unit, the present lower school with its nine classrooms, to four units with a total of thirty rooms. These are but material gains, however; and that which we hold most valuable and precious is the spirit of Roycemore, which is fostered by our everyday life at school, where courtesy and kindness, understanding between teachers and girls have made the friendships formed here dear and lasting; where ideals of citizenship and obligation toward the world in which we live are ever primary forces.

—REBECCA SHERMAN ASHLEY

# FACULTY

Miss Rebecca Sherman Ashley ..... Principal
Mrs. Keith Preston ..... Associate Principal, Latin
Miss Mary E. Barclay ..... Associate Principal, Lower School
Miss Anne Holmes ..... Associate Principal, Primary School
Miss Louise Hagerty ..... Latin
Mrs. Lawrence S. Wright ..... English
Miss Elizabeth Jean Cox ..... English
Miss Marion A. Keane ..... French
Mrs. John G. McAllister ..... French
Miss Marion McKenzie ..... History
Miss Katharine L. Parks ..... Mathematics
Mrs. Dorothy Hinman Hind ..... Algebra, Latin
Mrs. Donnell C. Howe ..... Science
Miss Elizabeth K. Williamson ..... Eighth Form
Miss Florence Nussbaum ..... Seventh Form
Miss Mildred Holt ..... Fifth and Sixth Forms
Miss Lulu Langston ..... Second Form
Miss Emma Holmes ..... First Form
Mrs. Spencer D. Smith ..... Kindergarten
Mlle. Marguerite Cazes ..... Lower School and Primary French
Miss Marie Hjermstad ..... Physical Training
Miss Natalie Rockman ..... Physical Training
Miss Elinor Rice ..... Drama
Miss Madi Bacon ..... Music
Mrs. P. B. Kohlsaat ..... Music
Miss Frances Badger ..... Art
Miss Alma Birmingham ..... Piano
Miss Rose McGlennon ..... Librarian
Miss Mildred Sprague ..... Secretary and Bookkeeper
Miss Edith Lapham ..... Secretary
Miss Madeleine H. Eyland ..... Director of Lunchroom
Miss Clarissa Smith ..... School Nurse



Guinan, McCloud, Byers, Delaney, Porter, Walter, Patterson, Mrs. Wright, Mellor, Harbrecht, Bowman, Corcoran, Austin

# GRIFFIN BOARD

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# SENIORS



## BARBARA ALLEN

Her heart was mirthful to excess.



## DOROTHY AMEND

A bubble of wit and two of laughter.



## ANN BALLINGER

She walks in beauty like the night.



## JANE BERMINGHAM

Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride.



## MARJORIE BROWN

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.



## OLIVE ELIZABETH BYERS

I flung my soul on high with new endeavor.



## PATRICIA COBURN

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all.



## JOSEPHINE CORCORAN

Would I were steadfast as thou art.



## NANCY DELANEY

I would be friends with you and have your love.



## BETTY JANE DOYLE

Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shown.



## BENNETTE FREEMAN

A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.



## MARI GUINAN

Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind.



## MARY LOUISE HARRISON

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.



## SUE PAGE HILL

A rare compound of frolic and fun
To relish a joke and rejoice at a pun.



## JOAN HUTH

Much wit, but shy of using it.



KATE SPEED KANALEY

A witty woman is a treasure.



## JEAN KELLY

Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.



## LORAINE KIRTLAND

Budding with beauty, spirited, tall,
Queen in the drawing-room, belle at the ball.



## BETTY MAGIE

Earth has not anything to show more fair.



## NANCY ELLEN McCLOUD

Myself not least, but honored of them all.



## NANCY McKISSON

Unbounded courage and compassion joined.



## JOAN MERCER

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.



## EVELYN PARKHILL

There is wisdom in frankness.



## BARBARA PATTERSON

Fabulous valor unforgot.



## MADELINE PORTER

My heart is like a singing bird.



## JOANNE REED

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty.



## JOAN SCHUTTER

Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new.



## HELEN MARJORIE SPEED

My style and my sentiments are my own.



## JOYCE SWEET

A sweet content
Passing all wisdom.



## MARGARET WALTER

Wise to resolve and patient to perform.



LAURA WINSTON

O tall fair vision of loveliness.

# THE SENIOR PROPHECY

Haven't you heard that the future
Can be found in a crystal ball?
Well, we've just learned in physics
That it can't be done at all.

The physics professors are certain
That a crystal ball can't reveal
A single thing of the future
With virtual image or real.

I thought it would be so simple
To look into one someday
And read for the Class of '40
Their future the easy way.

I picked out the loveliest crystal,
A shimmering sphere—they are rare—
And perhaps the professors are wrong,
For this is what seemed to be there.

I see numerous horses and stables **de luxe,**
With Barbie the dignified mistress of all.
Carried to England by the love of her life,
She's now the proud lady Whifflebythall.

With ten little ones to cling to her skirt
Our dear little Dot is a mother grand.
In a contest for prettiest mother of ten,
She's Mrs. America of our fair land.

Elected head of her department,
Physics prof. who never tires,
**Cum laude** grad of dear old Smith,
Mathematics whizz is Bunny Byers.

In gleaming white, mid flashing knives,
She stands dispensing sarsaparilla,
And she's a hand at hot dogs, too,
Our Texas Jean from Amarilla.

A Greenwich Village nonconformist,
Nancy hates all conventional.
She's editor of Social Progress,
Violent red and radical.

The election parade is passing by;
Their slogans on reform are bent,
With blaring band and rising cheers
And "Parkhill for President!"

Hard work and brains made her the top;
Broadcasting from K-I-R-T,
She's radio's big executive,
And also owns L-A-N-D.

With shelves of novels from her pen
To prove that she could write,
Delaney turned to nursery rhymes
And soars to Fame's true height.

It scares the honest people green
When Bennette the Killer rears her head;
Of easy life she's had a "Neff";
She's a gun-moll, and she shoots 'em dead.

She plays at tennis with the best,
She golfs and swims does Kate,
The star of the Olympic Games
For nineteen forty-eight.

Idol of the fanatic throng
Who once Picasso followed,
Leader of the new French School,
Joanne's mere name is hallowed.

With nerves of steel beneath the sea
She dives day in, day out.
She even finds a pearl or two,
Josie, the Deep Sea Scout.

While dishing fish in Keokuk
She chanced to serve a movie scout;
So Sue became a famous star
Instead of slinging trout.

When Dody learned her powers
She gave up family, friends, and love.
She rules, most feared dictator,
With iron hand in velvet glove.

She floats like a bird through space
Swooping down from dizzy heights;
A trapeze artist of world renown,
She's Sweet in tights.

In a most distinguished group,
Smartly groomed, superbly dressed,
Ann plays the piano brilliantly
Applauded as the century's best.

They say she is at home abroad
So graciously she suits her role;
As wife of the ambassador
Joan has all France in her control.

She smokes your favorite brand;
She drives your favorite car;
Pat smiles from all the magazines;
As a model she's a star.

When men from Mars invaded Earth,
Confusion ruled each nation;
But Tootie reasoned with their chief
And saved civilization.

Unkie leads an orchestra
That plays in Baltimore.
When she rides out on her licorice-stick
She lays 'em on the floor.

Mary Lou's a make-up girl
In Hollywood of all places;
She gilds the lilies well, for she's
A genius at painting faces.

When you twist the dial you find
Quaint comedienne on a spree,
And if you chance to catch the line
It's " 'Taint funny, Miss Magie."

Margie's in a quandary,
Career or marriage, which?
A pressing question now that she's
'Tween husbands fifth and sixth.

Barbie lives in a cottage cozy
Hanging from a lofty peak,
Married to a ski-instructor,
Pretends to be an athaleke.

Moaning low in the wee small hours,
Swaying so to the music's beat,
Helen croons her plaintive blues song.
She has the country at her feet.

Seated in a dreary cellar
'Mid the bottles row on row,
Converted by that Simon Simpson,
Now Laura loves her liquor so.

Monnie the dancer with flawless grace
Whirls and dips to the music of the band,
Spotlights focused on her lovely face
Smiling coyly from behind her fan.

He catches tarpons and sharks and pike;
Betty caught this politician.
She's the first lady of the land,
But she ain't much good at fishin'.

New sensation of Broadway stop
Sign her at once she's stupendous comma
Supercolossal and glamorous,
Hammie, Baby Snooks' mama.

Swinging out in the Blues Casino,
Toast of the hep-cats and cutters-of-rugs
Burning the boards with her red-hot rhythm,
McCloud is the Queen of the Jitterbugs.

— MARI GUINAN

# CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1940, having been subjected to four years of erudition, and having been vaccinated with ablative absolutes, quadratic equations, French idioms, and Greek gymnastics, and being therefore of weak minds and frail bodies, do bequeath to the underclassmen the following:

To those members of the Class of 1953 who are fortunate enough to survive thirteen long years within these, our hallowed halls, we will our banner which has been our lucky star.

To the coming Senior Class we leave the sound effects in the Senior Assembly, consisting of the constant ticking of the clock, our far-reaching echo, and the cooing of the pigeons, which, we trust, next year's esteemed class will turn into doves of peace.

A large bottle of wave-set for use after showers to all members of the basketball squad who are advocates of feminine pulchritude as well as bulky biceps, and especially to our Sophomore athletes — both of them!

To all participants in the diet-that-begins-tomorrow we leave our appetite for Roycemore spaghetti, nut bread, brownies, cokes, hamburgers, chocolate éclairs from the Community Kitchen — or perhaps we should say our appetite **ad infinitum.**

To Pearl Ann Wieboldt, Sue Page Hill's car, provided that she learns how to drive.

To Judy Gillfillan, Betty Magie's space on the tardy list.

To all future male leads in Senior plays, Monnie Walter's and Barbara Patterson's devoted following.

To Judy Peake, Joan Huth's surplus energy.

To Betsy Brown, Dot Amend's fingernails, which we hope will eliminate any further need for white gloves.

To all algebra students, Pat Coburn's never-ceasing phrase, "I don't understa-a-a-and!"

And to the school as a whole, and to Miss Ashley in particular, we leave the school in peace — one piece.



Nancy McKisson, President

Kate Speed Kanaley, Vice-President

Helen Speed, secretary-treasurer

Josephine Corcoran, representative



Reed, Beyers, Mercer, Hill, Winston, Patterson, Kirtland, Doyle, Harrison, Amend, Bermingham, Huth, Porter, Guinan, McKisson, Parkhill, Corcoran, Brown, McCloud.

# TWELFTH FORM

President ..... Nancy McKisson
Vice-President ..... Kate Speed Kanaley
Treasurer and Secretary ..... Helen Speed
Representative ..... Josephine Corcoran

Allen, Barbara
Amend, Dorothy
Ballinger, Ann
Bermingham, Jane
Brown, Marjorie
Byers, Bunny
Coburn, Pat
Corcoran, Josephine
Delaney, Nancy
Doyle, Betty Jane
Freeman, Bennette
Guinan, Mari
Harrison, Mary Lou
Hill, Sue Page
Huth, Joan
Kanaley, Kate Speed
Kelly, Jean
Kirtland, Loraine
McCloud, Nancy
McKisson, Nancy
Magie, Betty
Mercer, Joan
Merrick, Jane
Parkhill, Evelyn
Patterson, Barbara
Porter, Madeline
Reed, Joanne
Schutter, Joan
Speed, Helen Marjorie
Sweet, Joyce
Walter, Margaret
Winston, Laura



Top row: Bogert, Brown, McKewen, Harbrecht, Mellor, Bowman, Sheridan, Faricy, Webb, Magie, Ferguson. Middle row: McPherrin, Amos, Ericson, Bogan, Ryan, Austin, Remy, Stover, Everitt, Johnson, Foley. Bottom row: Sherritt, Richardson, Loeb, Anderson, Drake, Stockton, Klaner, Coale, Somerville.

# ELEVENTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Catherine Stockton | Elizabeth Austin |
| Vice-President | Jean Faricy | Carolyn Johnson |
| Treasurer and Secretary | Jane Allan Loeb | Caroline Ericson |
| Representative | Elizabeth Austin | Jean Sullivan |

Amos, Marjorie
Anderson, Mary
Austin, Libby
Bogan, Sally
Bogert, Dale
Bowman, Aveline
Brown, Betsy
Coale, Ellen
Cook, Courtney
Corning, Barbara
Drake, Nancy
Ericson, Caroline
Everitt, Mary
Faricy, Jean
Ferguson, Elizabeth
Foley, Darlene
Harbrecht, Martha
Ingram, Janet
Johnson, Carolyn
Klaner, Constance
Loeb, Jane Allan
Magie, Peggy
McKewen, Nancy
McPherrin, Joy
Mellor, Shirley
Nickell, Molly
Remy, Catherine
Richardson, Janet
Ryan, Nancy
Sheridan, Madeleine
Sherritt, Arlee Rue
Somerville, Helen
Stockton, Catherine
Stover, Joan
Sullivan, Jean
Webb, Teasley
Wenger, Virginia



Wickman, Price, Conley, Wieboldt, Linthicum, Dean, Kittermaster, Speed, Gillfillan, Robinson, Bradley, Fleischmann, Thomas, Veale, Tilden, Ives, Williamson, Morrissey, Jordan, Gousha, Mowry, Pirie, Kuhnen.

# TENTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Babs Thomas | Jean Goushá |
| Vice-President | Jean Goushá | Babs Thomas |
| Secretary | Teresa Denison | Mary Elizabeth Price |
| Treasurer | Shirley Jean Robinson | Mary Elizabeth Price |
| Representative | Anne Tilden | Anne Tilden |

Bradley, Peggy
Conley, Carolyn
Dean, Shirley
Denison, Teresa
Fleischmann, Berenice
Gillfillan, Judith
Goushá, Jeanne
Hoover, Lorayne
Ives, Barbara
Jordan, Therese
Kittermaster, Ann
Kuhnen, Marcia
Linthicum, Janet
Morrissey, Janet
Mowry, Virginia
Pirie, Priscilla
Price, Mary Elizabeth
Robinson, Shirley Jean
Speed, Ann
Thomas, Babs
Tilden, Anne
Veale, Corinne
Wickman, Peggy
Wieboldt, Pearl Anne
Williamson, Billie



Nash, Wynekoop, Moore, Buckley, Dilling, Tabin, Peake, Potts, Evans, Fitzgerald, McCurdy, Russell, Nock, Lane, Donohue, Alther, Mueller, Thomas.

# NINTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Nancy Nock | Virginia Russell |
| Vice-President | Virginia Russell | Diane Chamberlaine |
| Treasurer and Secretary | Julie Lane | Julie Lane |
| Representative | Daphne Donohue | Daphne Donohue |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Alther, Josephine | Harbrecht, Patsy | Peake, Judy |
| Buckley, Sue | Lane, Julie | Potts, Sue |
| Chamberlaine, Diane | McCurdy, Jacqueline | Russell, Ginny |
| Dilling, Elizabeth | Moore, Joan | Tabin, Gerry |
| Donohue, Daphne Ann | Mueller, Nancy | Thomas, Sallie |
| Evans, Anamary | Nash, Wayne | Wynekoop, Marcia Mae |
| Fitzgerald, Shirley | Nock, Nancy | |

# LITERARY

# LITERARY PRIZE

Awarded to Ann Kittermaster

Judges

Mrs. Preston — Mari Guinan
Mrs. Wright — Miss Cox — Margaret Walter

## ON LEAVE

(A true story, told in the first person)

We were warned by the British authorities, when we left for a two weeks' leave in the spring of 1918, that Italy was honeycombed with spies; and that we were to carry no important papers or diaries while we were in that country. To Eric and me, this warning seemed to hint of excitement, and as we left the shell-riddled fields of France, we looked forward with expectation to an exciting holiday in the south.

Italy was all that we had anticipated. The ruins of the glorious old buildings, rumbling Mt. Vesuvius, the blue of the Bay of Naples were as treasures to our eyes, used as they were to the grim sights of the battlefield. In Rome, by a stroke of good fortune, we were entertained royally by the British Embassy, and permitted to witness the requiem mass at the Pantheon for King Umberto I, a ceremony witnessed usually only by members of the royal family and high government officials. Eric and I were officers in the British Army, members of the same regiment, having come out together from Canada.

We left Rome after an eventful week of sight-seeing to spend the remaining week of our leave at Nice. We were the sole passengers in the coach in which we traveled, except for one gentleman, swarthy and dark, with a profuse black beard, whom we took for an Italian. However, when he introduced himself to us as Mr. Thomas, in perfect English, we found it necessary to revise our opinion. He proved a very interesting traveling companion and entertained us immensely with his stories of the spies in Italy. During the course of our conversation he told us that he was not crossing the border, but was leaving the train at Savona, and as we were going on to the Riviera, would we deliver a package to his fiancée at Monte Carlo? Immediately I was suspicious, but as Eric had already replied that we would be very willing to do this, there was nothing I could do. The package which he showed us proved to be a very beautiful necklace. Whether the stones were real or artificial I could not tell. He informed us that his fiancée, a Mlle. Mayenne, would be found at the Casino at nine o'clock every night, where she had perfected a system of winning at roulette. As we were in uniform we could not enter the Casino after nine o'clock, but we would tell the concierge her name. We would be sure to find her, as she was very well known there. Mr. Thomas left the train at Savona, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to see him go.

True to our word, the next evening we motored from Nice to Monte Carlo, and as we arrived after nine o'clock, asked the concierge at the Casino for Mlle. Mayenne. Much to our surprise the man had never heard of the lady, nor would he go into the Casino to look for her, as he told us that he knew all regular customers of the gambling rooms. Eric was not at all disturbed by this, but what we had just learned proved to make me more suspicious than ever, and I insisted that we drive to Mentone that evening to report the incident to the British A. P. M.

At Mentone we aroused a very sleepy agent from his bed, while I related my story. He nodded in drowsy agreement to each point I brought out, and after taking

possession of the necklace and saying that he would look into the matter, bade us good-night.

I was not satisfied by this, but as there seemed nothing else to be done, we returned to Nice for the remainder of the night, and for the remainder of our vacation.

At the end of the week we traveled north, and soon were with our own regiment at the front. The fighting seemed to be at a temporary standstill, so I had plenty of time to relate the adventures of our leave to the other men in the trenches.

After several weeks I received a letter from the sleepy A. P. M. at Mentone, informing me that after checking on the concierge at the Casino it was found that he was a German spy and worked with Mr. Thomas, an Austrian, as an accomplice. They had used the same ruse of the package to the fiancée once before, and so in that way the officials had managed to catch up with them. It seemed that the name of Mlle. Mayenne was some sort of a message and that Mr. Thomas had several imaginary fiancées, each bearing one of these messages as names.

I was glad to know that my suspicions had proved true, and that the case had been solved, but more especially glad that I had been able to help my country in this way. Eric and I decided that on our next leave we would go back to Italy again, but fortunately for us and for the war-torn countries of Europe, before we had need of another leave, the Armistice was signed. —ANN KITTERMASTER, X Form

# MUSIC

The magic power that conjures from the skies
The stars to dance before our wondering eyes
Is music.

Painter of the loneliness of wind-swept hills,
Or of strange mystery that thrills
Our senses;

Singer of a thousand wondrous tales,
Of heaving seas o'er which the wild wind wails,
Is music

It brings a peaceful hush into our hearts,
Enchants us till we're merely parts
Of its song.

It tells the tale of desperate striving for the moon,
And sobs of disappointment are its tune
Of failure.

It sends us soaring high on wings of joy,
Frees us from mortality to enjoy
New freedom.

Perfect beauty which 'tis pain to hear,
Pulsating moods of tenderness and fear
Is music —MARTHA LOUISE HARBRECHT, XI Form

# BETTY JANE PRACTICES

Betty Jane found it difficult to sit upon a hard wooden stool, for an hour, and pound at the lifeless keys which never seemed to pour forth the beautiful music of Chopin. SO — never on her own accord did she sit down to practice.

As the Saturdays came, week after week, she always managed to have some new excuse so that the tall, gray-haired, piano instructor never could get angry with her.

But last Saturday, as she entered the neatly kept studio, with a proud air — that Saturday — was different, because when she sat down to play, the piece went more smoothly. During that week she had practiced, and as she sat and played, with not even one mistake, she felt proud.

"Good, fine! you have done well this week," he said, "and because you have, I want you to play at the 'forum' this Wednesday night."

All this was running through her mind as she sat in her new white party dress, waiting, frightened and nervous, for her time to play. What if she forgot the third part that she hadn't practiced very much? How would father feel, who was sitting in the audience, if she didn't play as well as he was expecting her to? But, now there was no more time to think, for she heard a voice announcing, "Betty Jane, one of our juniors will now play." She never knew where the strength came from that got her on the platform; but somehow, she got there. Maybe she felt the mood of the Chopin; maybe the bench was softer; but Chopin, himself, would have found it hard to play with more zest. As her small fingers played the last chord, there came a ringing applause. She curtsied, and as an artist, returned to her seat.

— GERRY TABIN, IX Form

# THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

Almost everyone is born with some degree of the wanderlust deeply imbedded in his soul. When I was very young, deciding that I had better be very systematic about the whole affair, I made a list of every place in the world that I really wished to visit, the minimum amount of time I felt I could spend in each place, and the things I was to accomplish while there. It was very difficult to decide just where to begin as I was determined to include in my travels Alaska, the Cape of Good Hope, the mountains of Tibet, and certainly the equator. I thought that if I hurried, and really concentrated on sightseeing, I would be able to "do" India in three years, and that I should be able to get a bird's-eye view of Japan in eighteen months. I was to be in Holland during the tulip season; I had quite a definite engagement to visit Heidi in the Alps. The Scotch Highlands, and Ireland, "the land of saints and scholars," I of course included in my itinerary. The lambs in Australia and the ladies with the long necks somewhere in Africa were added attractions. I planned to spend at least ten years in Paris, and my chief project while there was to be sitting at one of the sidewalk cafés about which it is said that if you stay there long enough you will see everyone you have ever known. And so it went; hardly a day passed but I signed away another goodly portion of my life. As long as I shall live, I'll never forget the day on which I, with a stubby pencil clutched in my hot hand, laboriously added the figures I had so carefully compiled. I was amazed, I was shocked, I was worried, and above all I was in a great hurry, for it was absolutely necessary for me to live one hundred and eighty years! —LAURA WINSTON, XII Form

# A MODERN "SPECTATOR" ON THE MOTOR-BUS

It was a windy day and Mr. Smith, a well known author, was about to open the door to the Greyhound Bus Station. He noticed a sign swinging in the breeze. It read, "Special rates for students. Inquire within." He thought to himself that there would probably be some college kids on this bus. It always happened when he went on a trip.

He boarded the bus and settled himself down in a soft seat. The bus began slowly to move. It was headed for Chicago. He noticed in front of him, a very pretty girl and a woman. From their conversation, he concluded that the woman was the girl's mother, and that she was taking her daughter to Northwestern University to see that she was started off right. On his right, across the aisle, sat an elderly man with horn-rimmed spectacles. Mr. Smith was sure that he was a professor at some university. Next, his attention was attracted to the young man sitting beside him. He looked like a boy out of college, going to the big city for a job. As Mr. Smith sat back in his seat to rest, he noticed that the young man next to him appeared very much interested in the girl in front of them. He got up and stood beside her seat.

"Hi ya! Going to Chicago?"

"Don't notice him, Jane," said the mother.

"Maybe you're going to college?" continued the young man, paying no attention to the mother's remark.

"I'd thank you not to annoy us, young man," replied the mother angrily.

"O.K., O.K., don't get so snooty. I was only trying to be friendly on the trip," flared back the boy. Then turning to the professor he said, "Well, Grandpa, women are sure funny people. The last time I was on a trip I met a smooth girl without a mother."

The professor looked up from his book, over his glasses, and said slowly, "Well, son, there are lots of funny people besides women; and the more you travel, the more you see of them. Just because your efforts were successful once doesn't mean that they will work always. An empty barrel makes a lot of noise. Most people like one with something in it. We will probably never meet again, but I hope you remember what I have told you — if you can."

When Mr. Smith finally got off the bus, he said to himself that he had met a bore, a snob, and a philosopher, all on one trip. — JANET MORRISSEY, X Form

It was late at night,
  And the winter chill
Was drifting o'er
  The far-off hill.

Cold, in a stall
  In Bethlehem,
Lay the Prince of Peace
  Come to save all men.

All came to see
  This tiny child;
And with him was
  His Mother mild.

So the world rejoiced,
  It was Christ the King.
Let sad men smile,
  And the angels sing.

— JULIE LANE, IX Form

# FLORIDA STORM

The January sun of Florida felt oppressively hot on my back. As I gazed over the breathless ocean to the island, I could just see the roof of our cottage and, nearby, the town of Georgiana sleeping lazily in the calm. I could hear the laughing voice of my sister catching little clams which the waves washed up. Behind me was the town of Oceana, its stores and houses deserted, mere reminders of the flourishing town which had once been there. Tied to the pier was the small yacht which had transported us from the island to the mainland, its green and white hull a bold accent against the intense blue of sky and sea. A rowboat was just docking at the pier, and a man and woman whom I had seen yesterday at the Georgiana Post Office stepped out. The grocer's boy, who had been rowing, tied the boat and curled up at the stern for forty winks.

I must have fallen asleep on the beach then, because the next thing I knew I was aware of a strange howling sound. I stood up shivering. The branches of the palm trees were swaying like drunken creatures. A fierce wind whipped at my skirts and sent my sun hat flying down the beach. The sky was overcast with a lurid copper color that shed a weird glow over everything. The breakers were swirling on the shore as if to draw the empty buildings of the deserted village into the beating surf.

The man and woman from the rowboat dashed along the beach out onto the pier and began to untie their frail boat. The wind whipped the words of the captain of the yacht to me." You'd best go back with us," he said. "It's fixing for quite a blow. You'll never make it." What the other man said was lost to me, but he cast off and began to row the two miles to the island.

Then Father called to me. He herded all of the family onto the yacht which was threatening, with each wave, to smash to splinters against the pier. The boat was untied, and we set off. The rain was coming down in solid sheets now, beating with frenzy on the cabin roof. The rest of the trip was a nightmare: one agonizingly high wave, then a sickening lurch; then the whole business, repeated. I huddled in a corner of the cabin clutching my mother's skirts as the one safe place of refuge around me. I don't remember landing at the Georgiana dock or the trip back to our cottage; but I remember the comfort of the warm fire and crackers and milk, after we arrived there. I remember Father coming in the door, bringing a gust of wind and rain in with him, and saying in a hushed voice to Mother, "Their boat capsized. She's gone, and so is the little Miller boy who rowed them. The man was saved, but he keeps calling for his wife. He won't believe she's not in the hotel waiting for him." Mother uttered a horrified cry; but Father said, "Don't, the children will hear you." He didn't know I had heard.

The next morning the world was repenting her behavior of the night before; she had put on her brightest weather. I wandered out of the house to go for the mail. The mood of the village did not match that of the world. There was an undercurrent of sadness. As I came out of the Post Office, I saw, coming down the street, some men carrying two stretchers covered with palm leaves. I didn't have to be told what they were.

— MARY ELIZABETH PRICE, X Form

# TRAINS

There is the horrid worm of a commuters' train, a sooty, insignificant little drudge putting doggedly back and forth over the same few miles of unsavory track; and there is the magnificent creature of power and streamlines that people take when they are going somewhere, a wonderful train because your vacation is beginning and you are going away with a whole summer to play in, or a delightful train because it is carrying you back to a welcoming family, a welcoming home, and a most welcoming Fido.

This master-traveler loses half its personality when it must remain even for a short while in a station. It becomes just a great, hulking mass of iron, useless and sullen, so different from the happy train it used to be, out on the rails, humming through the sunny country, wailing through the rain. The biggest, blackest engine looks as lovely as Monet's smoky ideal when it comes puffing in from a hard day's work. Then the gleaming-grinned porters leap off, and the beaming passengers hurry away into the cheerful, supper-time dusk with their relatives. Then bright silver is laid and fresh linen, and new passengers stream on and are soon on their way.

The saddest part of anyone's departure is having to stay behind. It's all right until you see the peerless giant ready to be off, even all right until the very last minute, until it pulls away leaving you, who love it so, behind.

And can you even think of a train without a hundred memories crowding back of those happy journeys in the past—memories of your best new suit, of wilting flowers and fresh ones in the ice-box to astound New York; new striped luggage and a state-room card, "spectators" packed away in the middle of winter; such speculations as "Is the new formal wrinkling? **Should** I have brought two?"; and all the dear faces waving through the window, waving through smoke, and then not there. New York, New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Eagle River.

—MARI GUINAN, XII Form

# DIANA

She sits beside the mountain brook;
the moon is in her hair.
Her eyes
rest on the setting sun,
fading away with its driver fair.
A doe approaches with timid step,
interrupts her reveries;
a fawn
comes to his mother's side,
from out the trees.
She smiles, and moonlight fills the vale;
tonight she must travel far.
Her silent steps
fall like a soft gray cloak;
she leaves with the morning star.

— VIRGINIA MOWRY, X Form

I think it was the newness of the scissors that attracted me. They were lying on the table next to Mother, and shone bright against the dark surface. Suddenly my bangs lay heavy against my forehead, and I thought of Daddy's references to my "forelock." I received permission to cut dolls with the scissors, and immediately withdrew to my room, locking the door against sudden entry. I can remember still the feel of the scissors as they lay in my palm, heavy, and hard, and smooth, although I was only four. I can remember, too, watching myself in the mirror, and seeing the bangs fall to the floor. Then I looked harder, for I was awestruck by the effect, which was generally that of a mouth with a missing front tooth. I determined to put a brave front on it, however, and marched in to Mother; but before she had a chance to see my new hair style, I had fled, and dived under the broadest bed in the house.

It was dark under there, and hot, and the bed was not as high as it might have been, so it was impossible to do anything but inch my way along. The dark and the heat combined to make me uncomfortable, and at the thought of my bangs in the wastepaper basket, and the awful look of the "me in the mirror," I sniffled, then gasped, then broke into a roar, like a locomotive.

Mother, frightened, remembered her absent-minded assent to my taking the scissors and dashed in, expecting to see me cut and bleeding. Instead, she saw no one, but still heard my roars of chagrin, by which she located me. Beyond asking me if I were hurt and telling me to come out, she could do nothing; for I did not want to see myself in the mirror, ever again. I was right, at that, for when Mother moved the bed, and I could not inch along as fast as she moved it, even she did not blame me for hiding. She laughed; I cried; but Daddy, that night, "saw nothing funny **at all!**" and I felt a little better, taking his words as a compliment. I wore hats for a long time after that, though, and ignored mirrors completely. I have never again cut my hair. Do you blame me? —MARJORIE AMOS, XI Form

Marie Antoinette, making her final preparations, with trembling hands arranged her hair and dress, taking the utmost pains, striving for perfection, for she realized that the eyes of all those who had whispered and been faithless to her in former days would be upon her. The hour had come. When her task of dressing was complete she wearily sat down; and knowing that she had but a few moments, she cried out in her heart for time—more time to think. Reminiscing, she realized that long ago she had known this was inevitable. Never again would she frolic as a child with no worries, no cares. Her youthful life was abruptly ending and she was to step into a strange world talked of by good people as wonderful, and by sinners as horrible. She bent her head in prayer, asking for courage and above all for help in appearing composed. It would not do to show her fear. In the midst of her prayer she heard a heavy rap and a deep voice; however fearful she had been, she was happy that the suspense was almost over. The door to her chamber slowly opened, and with fluttering heart Marie Antoinette Kelly descended the stairs to receive her first date.

—MADELINE PORTER, XII Form

# ESCAPE

He peered through the railing of the balcony intently, looking for his dear one, Susie Maud. He was very quiet, fearful lest the lights in the Gym be turned on. Worst part about it, you never knew when the lights might go on. Sometimes, at a command from the floor, they were flicked on, and a grimy bunch of girls carried a window or a piece of wall to the Gym floor to be painted. He was safe, though, if he didn't make any noise.

There she was! Susie, the prettiest girl he knew, carrying a piece of a step all by herself! He longed to go down and help her. They shouldn't let Susie, who couldn't carry a picnic basket, carry a heavy thing like that. But Susie seemed to be enjoying herself! She screeched at a girl to get off that couch and help paint that flat! Oh, where were the dulcet tones of his Susie, who murmured sweet nothings so beautifully? She even looked different. Her hair was falling into her eyes; she was grimy and without her regal red lips; she was decidedly deglamorized.

A girl, contemplating the balcony, saw him. She walked quickly off-stage. Was she going to tell "Ricie the Terrible?" Was she going to throw him out personally, or was she going to get Susie in trouble for having her friends call at inopportune times and in the wrong place?

Susie nonchalantly walked down to the Gym floor to the painters, talked to them a while, and strolled out to get a drink, smiling up prettily at her true love peering through the railing. He descended to greet her, trying in vain not to let the stairs squeak.

He heard the sharp tap of high heels and abandoning all efforts at noiselessness scrambled for the door without even a word with Susie. He jumped down the steps and dashed around the corner of the building as "Ricie" came in pursuit. She was satisfied with a sharp look around the porch and lawn and went back to the rehearsal of the Senior Play. He, relieved, climbed into the safety of Susie's car, there to wait until she was released from the Dramatic Art. —MARJORIE AMOS, XI Form

# SAFE TREASURE

Under a bleak, gray rock,
Hidden from tiny, trespassing
Wavelets; secure from sand,
Are treasures far surpassing
Even Midas' fabulous mass,
Stored by a trusting boyish hand:
Tiny stones, rainbow-hued, precious
As pearls from an oyster wooed;
A delicate lark's egg, faintly blue
And speckled as by nature's dew;
A shell of mystic quality
That faintly whispers of the sea;
A snail shell by the tide swept in —
A portable lodging once had been.
These precious summer souvenirs
Will still be safe when springtime nears.

— ANN SPEED, X Form

# JOE

Joe was, originally, a waiter at the Inn Hotel. Before that, presumably, he had been in college. We hired him as chauffeur-and-butler-and-cleaner-of-the-furniture because the former chauffeur-butler-etc. borrowed money and forgot to pay it back. Joe seemed like an honest fellow, and indeed he was—quite naive, in fact.

In appearance, he could not be called ugly, although his face, particularly the forehead, reminded one of an ape. He wore his hair in a "crew cut," which not only furthered the resemblance to an ape, but also suggested a hairbrush. He was about six feet tall or more.

I have said above that he went to college. He did. Unfortunately, it was a military college where all the boys had uniforms of one kind or another—and Joe wore his when he served table. He was extremely kind and simple—mostly simple, it seems to me, but he truly meant well. He asked Mother once whether she needed him any more just then; if not, he'd like to go out and play with the dog. He was continually springing lines just as matter-of-factly simple: he would ask some one to call him at five so that he could take his bath.

Before we go any farther, I must tell you about Joe's girl. **He** thought he was quite a "sheik." He bought three dollars' worth of stamps when he first came and wrote her every day. She finally answered—two weeks later. He told us, "I'm due to get married in June."

One day as I was downstairs getting a drink of water, I saw a huge red apparition loom around the corner of the door. I wondered if I had drunk nothing but water, and I thought to myself hurriedly, **"Is** there a Devil?" On second glance I realized, shocked, that it was Joe. He was in red tights. Trying to control hysterical laughter, I asked him where he had been.

"Oh, just up to Highland Park," he said calmly. "I run up there every day, for training, you see. I take Sambo [the dog], too." I could mentally see the neighbors watching Joe, clothed in red tights and followed by the dog, **running** up to Highland Park. I could, mentally, hear them saying, "There goes that crazy chauffeur of the Loebs again."

I could go on telling anecdotes about Joe forever (or nearly so), but none could indicate his character better than a comparison. Joe was, in some respects, just like Ferdinand—big and gentle; but I doubt if he had Ferdinand's finer qualities, such as the appreciation of flowers.

Alas for Joe! Mother decided that a couple, who would serve as cook and butler, would be better than Joe and our present cook, who, by the way, were always scrapping. We let Joe go first, and I could not honestly say that I was sorry. I don't think Joe was, either. He came back, about a week later, to tell us he had another job doing some kind of simple technical drawing. He had a little gadget on his hand that buzzed whenever he shook hands with some one. He tried it out on Daddy. After he had gone, we laughed and laughed at Joe's last simple joke.

—JANE ALLAN LOEB, XI Form

# THE ORCHARD

In the back of my grandfather's large, square old-fashioned house in the country there was an apple orchard. When we were children we used to delight in playing "tap the ice box" in it. There were many good hiding places. The one most frequently used was the inside of the old well which stood over in one corner of the orchard and was boarded over. Whenever I was "it," the boys would hide inside the well because the cold, gray stucco walls around it stretched interminably above me. I never was able to see over the top and into the inside. As I grew a little taller my brother tried to persuade me to climb over the sides. It was all in vain. I had a horrible, sinking fear that if I ever did, I would find that for some unexplainable reason the boards had been removed and I would fall hundreds of feet to the bottom. I much preferred the small cornfield to the right. I could hide with ease among the tall stalks and my brothers never thought of looking for me there because they themselves were not small enough to hide in the cornfield.

The orchard was surrounded by a tremendous picket fence. The latch of the gate was so high that for years none of us could reach it. It was a happy day for us when for the first time my oldest brother, by standing on the lower rail and stretching very tall, could tip the latch aside. What a disillusion it was, however, to find that it opened only on a back street filled with fierce, barking dogs. We quickly retreated and slammed the gate shut. I think the boys ventured out again, but I preferred to remain in the quiet safety of the orchard.

The summers passed, and as we grew up we no longer entered the orchard. It was left deserted except for those men who came in the early fall to pick the apples. We had learned that the outside world held more than back streets and barking dogs.

Last year my grandfather decided to sell his home in the country and move farther into the city. I went back to take a last look at the garden and I wandered into the orchard. There I stopped in amazement. The strangest thing had happened. The old gray well in the corner had shrunk, the picket fence enclosing the orchard wasn't as tall as I was, and the cornfield had diminished to half its size. I could see the boarded bottom of the well with ease now because the wall around it reached only to my waist. I could unlatch the gate and with no difficulty turn into the back street filled with dogs. The only possible way I could go down the cornfield now without being seen was to crawl. I stood in amazement. I realized, of course, that the size of the orchard had not diminished, that it was I who had grown. I think I loved it more then than I had as a child. When I was small all these things had seemed rather terrifying and forbidding to me. Now that they were small and rather forlorn I felt a desire to protect them.

The first few times I went to visit my grandparents in their new home in the city, I drove out to the farm and up the back street to see if I could catch a glimpse of the orchard or the well or the cornfield. The last time I drove by, I saw a group of children climbing the trees and laughing. One little boy was even standing on the first bar of the white picket fence peering wistfully through the rails. I turned the corner then, but my heart was light. I had left my orchard in good hands.

—NANCY McCLOUD, XII Form

# MY FIRST OPERA

I had always heard my mother say that the opera was no place for a little girl; and as far as I was concerned, it never really troubled me that I had not been to one. However, one day my older sister was making plans to go to the opera with the nurse. Mother and dad had planned to go, but had found that they could not use the tickets. They thought my sister had reached the age at which she could enjoy an opera. My heart was broken because I was left out. Dad could see no reason why I could not go; he sent his office boy to buy another ticket for his little daughter. Mother thought it was a waste of time, and said that I should not get everything I wanted. For the next week the opera was all I could talk about, but not knowing exactly what it was all about, I could not explain to my playmates what I was going to see.

Saturday came after I had waited for days, and I was more excited than ever. I donned my Sunday clothes, and felt very old getting all dressed up on Saturday. My one big disappointment—and oh, such a disappointment!—was that I had to wear my leggings. That fact spoiled my whole day and that of everyone sitting around me. Mother said that I could take the leggings off as soon as I reached the opera, but that decree did not change my dislike for the leggings.

My sister, the nurse, and I got into the car, and waved good-bye to mother and dad. I jumped around in the car all the way downtown. The nurse let me jump, hoping that I would quiet down by the time we reached the opera. The nurse's hoping was all in vain.

We reached the opera, and after much commotion from trying to look after me the nurse found our seats. Then the question of the leggings came up. The nurse wanted to take my leggings off, but I said I would not take them off, because mother made me wear them. I was really cutting off my nose to spite my face, because later I suffered. During the opera I began moving around and scratching my legs. The nurse said that I had to leave my leggings on, and that I was to stop moving while the singing was in progress. I proceeded to rip the snaps open, and I enjoyed the sound of their coming apart. The gentleman next to me looked down at me with what I thought was an interested expression, but later found was a disapproving look. The next problem was to take my leggings off. That seemed the biggest problem of all. I stood up in front of my seat, but that scheme proved to be very unsatisfactory. The lady in front of me asked me to sit down. I could not understand how anyone could be so inconsiderate of a little girl trying so hard to take her leggings off. I decided to stand up on my seat. I lost my balance, and almost removed the glasses of the man next to me. After all this work I finally conquered my leggings, and held them up to my nurse with a proud look on my face. At that moment people began clapping. My nurse looked down at me, and told me we were leaving. I had to put my leggings back on all by myself.

The ride home was much different from the ride down. I was so exhausted by my hard work that I slept all the way home. —BETTY JANE DOYLE, XII Form

# DINING CAR FORWARD

Mealtime on a train means exercise, change of cars, and, best of all, the chance to watch the other people. Somehow, people in the diner are much more interesting than people in the observation car; nothing brings out a person's type better than the food he eats and the way he eats it. Here is a typical dining-car scene, from the first call to the last.

At the first call, the only people to respond are the more timid, who would be too frightened to come during the rush. First a rickety little man enters, and is rushed to a table by the conscientious steward. This old man is the type who jumps when handed a menu, ducks when a waiter passes, and who, after carefully reading every word on the menu, orders weak tea and toast, and soon settles down happily with some little bottles of pills and capsules, which he probably always carries. The next to come is a dreamy-eyed spinster, shy and uninteresting. She is very dainty in her choice of food, ordering green tea, fruit salad, and cherry jello. She explains to the waiter that she really has a very delicate constitution.

Soon more people arrive. A huge man bursts in and seats himself at a table for four before the steward can stop him. He orders wine, oysters, turkey, endive salad, brandied fruit, and a demi-tasse. He fancies himself an epicure, but is merely a wealthy glutton. Soon a woman with a baby arrives, and it takes all the steward's ingenuity to improvise a high-chair.

Then the rush begins in earnest. People pour in. The real trouble starts when all the tables for two are full. Then parties of two demand small tables, claim they won't sit with strangers, and then are furious when they see a group of three go in ahead of them. As time goes on, the conscientious steward becomes less conscientious and more feverish, and his crisp white collar wilts perceptibly. No wonder; the poor man gathers his resources long enough to organize the tables and line up in his mind who gets which next, when two giggly girls see a table being vacated, and slip into the chairs unnoticed. Then when the steward beckons to a couple who have been waiting fully fifteen minutes, he is stupefied to see the table occupied, and the couple are furious.

The epicure, on his way out, surveys the crowd, and somehow manages to fall on the prettier of the two giggling girls when the train lurches. She of course screams, and the man apologizes profusely between winks. The other girl picks up her glass of water to take a drink. She puts it to her lips and opens her mouth, when unfortunately the train lurches again, and the glass sways away and then crashes into her face. She squeals for help, and waiters come running from all sides.

Meanwhile the spinster is trying to finish her last cup of green tea, but cannot bear up under the stern scrutiny of her waiter, who watches every move over her shoulder. After several unsuccessful attempts to sip it when he isn't looking, she gives up the attempt, tips him, and starts out. Halfway through the car she spies the baby, and blocks traffic a full minute while she assures the proud mother that the baby is an exact duplicate. The baby, being no angel child, yells lustily.

Business slows down eventually. The waiters pocket their tips and are happy. The conscientious steward, utterly frazzled, smiles good-night to the last diner and collapses into a chair. His fixed smile disappears, leaving wrinkles around his mouth. Letting his breath out in a hoarse whistle, he loosens the wilted collar.

—JEAN FARICY, XI Form

# GROSSMAMA

The young girl jumped out of the car quickly, her feet sinking into the muddy dirt as she started to walk. Her father followed her, and together they made their way up the hill in the warm sunshine. The heat was relieved by a breeze that came fitfully across the valley; and everything was very quiet.

When they arrived at the old gate that hung on three hinges and cheated on the fourth, her father opened it silently. "Over there to the right, Amy," he said, nodding his head in that direction.

She walked ahead looking around. Suddenly she spoke. "Who's that, dad?" she asked, pointing to a tombstone which read, "Agatha Turnmille, 1875-1895." "That's 'Aggie,' Doc Franz's sister," he answered.

"You remember, Amy, the one whose old spinning wheel Grossmama used to have."

"The one who died six months after she was married," she asked, "and whose husband has never been seen since?"

"Yes," replied her father; and, with an odd smile, "here is where your Aunt Emelia was laid away. You never knew her, but I did. When I was a little boy she used to take me for walks at night and talk about the stars." Then he added with a laugh: "She always used to recite from Shakespeare. I never quite understood then what it meant; but I realized that it must have been beautiful, because to me, she was beauty itself." He turned away quickly.

Amy knew Aunt Emelia had been his favorite among his five sisters.

He walked with his head down past the graves of other relatives, until he came to a grave marked, "Anne Eschenburg, beloved wife of August, 1846-1936." He motioned for Amy to come over. She walked up slowly. Standing in front of the grave, she read aloud: "She loved us all as her own children, and she will always be loved by us as our own mother." Her father smiled rather proudly. "The people in the village gave her that tombstone," he said.

Amy felt very strange. It was the first time she had seen her grossmama's grave; but she remembered her well, sitting in her old rocker, with her white hair piled high, knitting and smiling at you with her sightless eyes.

Grossmama had always remembered the birthdays of friends and relatives. There were many of them, but grossmama never forgot. She liked music too, and she used to hum little tunes to Amy when she was a small child. Later, when Amy was older, she used to tell her about the old opera house in Berlin and about how excited she was the first time she sang in the chorus. She loved children and had a store of little jokes to entertain them. Amy thought of her eyes, such a clear blue, just like her father's. (They told her that hers were exactly like theirs.) Grossmama must have been beautiful when she was young, because she was so lovely in old age. Perhaps she was like her daughter, Emelia: she could never have been so understanding if she had not had peace and beauty within herself.

Amy was roused by her father, who put his arm around her shoulder and smiled. He seemed to be thinking the same thoughts. She smiled back at him, and they turned reluctantly away and started to walk back down to the old gate that hung on its three hinges, and cheated on the fourth. — THERESE JORDAN, X Form

# THE DAY I RAN AWAY

Yes, the tall gate was locked, and the big exciting world still lay beyond it; beyond the yard that held the familiar everyday things: the sand box, the swing that daddy had made, the spreading apple tree and the much-used kiddy cart, now standing idle by the back porch. Yes, the gate was still locked; it always was. The latch was just a little too high for the two-year-old girl in the blue checked dress to reach, even with the help of the apple crate that stood by the garage for Carlos, the hired man, to keep his tools in. Just as the latch was always out of reach so was the wide world beyond. The sun shone brigthly down, and the birds chattered busily, as always; but today things were destined to be different.

The wheezy old horn of the grocer's truck announced the coming of Billy, the red-headed, freckled delivery boy. The creaky gate swung slowly open as Billy entered, bending low under an over-loaded box. Two big blue eyes watched him intently as he tried to close the gate with his foot. For once the latch failed to click into its accustomed place. Two chubby legs remained motionless until Billy had disappeared. No sooner had the kitchen door slammed than, in a flash, the little figure darted through the gate and down the alley.

Reaching the main street, she paused and looked about. What should she do next? What should she see first? Turning to the left, she toddled casually across the railroad track. Pausing in the middle to examine the smooth iron rails, she saw a dandelion growing between the tracks. She stooped and picked it; then holding it tightly in one hand, she went on down the main street.

Bewildered, but undaunted by the large stores and the milling crowd, she wandered on. Suddenly she espied a man dressed in a white suit working in the street, carrying a large broom in one hand and a long-handled dust pan in the other. Curious, she followed him for several blocks, just then something even more intriguing than a street cleaner caught her eye: a big man dressed faultlessly in a blue suit, with a big, shiny star pinned on his coat. He must be important, she thought, because her big brother had one too; and so she stopped and said hello.

The kind policeman looked down from his great height and tried to engage the tiny miss in conversation, hoping to find out where she lived and who she was. But did she tell? Oh, no! She had finally escaped from behind that tall, fenced-in yard; and she was not going back, at least not yet.

While he was vainly using all of his arts of persuasion, a car drew up beside him and came to a stop at the curb. In it was Doctor McClelland, their family physician, who instantly recognized the little girl and knew that she had run away. Turning to the officer, who knew the Doctor, he told him that he would take her home. Still the little tow-head had not had enough adventure, and when the Doctor tried to coax her into his car she pulled away impatiently. It was not until after he had promised her a bag of candy, and to go "bye-bye," that she would consent to go peaceably.

Half an hour later, the Doctor drew up in front of the familiar yard to deliver her into the arms of her frantic parents who had been hunting her for several hours.

Then came the "rebellion." With tears streaming down her cheeks and chubby legs kicking frantically, she clung to the back of the seat and refused to get out. No amount of coaxing could move her. As a last resort they sent for Carlos, who forcibly released her. And it was not until then that the weary adventurer, still clinging to the wilted dandelion, was carried safely into the house, sobbing, "I wanta to go bye-bye wif the Doctor."

—JUDY PEAKE, IX Form

# LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S HOUSE

This summer, as we were traveling through New England, we stopped off at Concord, Massachusetts, one afternoon to visit the home of Louisa May Alcott.

I was surprised to see so many things still there that the Alcott family had really used. The living room was completely furnished, even to the large leather arm chair, which Mr. Alcott had occupied so much of the time. The whole house was interesting; but most interesting of all were the drawings that Amy had sketched on the walls upstairs, because she didn't have enough money to buy drawing paper. On the window frames in Beth's room were some flowers that Amy had drawn one day when Beth was sick, because she didn't have enough money to buy real ones. Joe's diary was open in her room, in a glass case. The writing was very beautiful.

In a back room, there were some of Miss Alcott's original manuscripts. Beside them were some notices that had been cut out of the newspapers announcing her plays, which were to be given in the town hall, with the girls starring. Some of the costumes which they had used in the plays were also there. In the attic room, where Joe did her writing, there were only a few trunks and an old sofa.

As I left the house, I realized how much the "Little Women" had made out of the little that they had.

— SHIRLEY JEAN ROBINSON, X Form

# APRIL NIGHT

The April night was all around me —
The ground on which I tread
Gave way before my footsteps,
The sky above my head
Was drawn and closed —
An April sky.
I waited on the road,
The shadows fleeting by.
I waited in a pool of dusk,
I waited for the night
To catch me in its silken folds
And lead me toward the light.
Yet when he came, a haunting fear
Came with him, on swift winged feet,
And followed him across the sky,
Above the budding trees of spring,
Above their soft and restless sigh.
For, when the dawn approaching
Sent forth dim, testing rays
To see if it were morning,
They pressed with eager might
Against his cloak, but all in vain; for
The new-born April day
Was somber as the night.

— ANN KITTERMASTER, X Form

# TELEPHONE CALL

The telephone stood on the table between the beds. It was one of the newer models with a novelty bell, and at nine-fifteen it tinkled. His mother answered it.

"Oh, Johnnie-e-e!"

Johnnie left his homework, grateful for the interruption, but with a slight misgiving, for his mother's tone told him that the voice at the other end of the wire was unfamiliar. He picked up the phone cautiously and grunted a noncommittal "Hullo."

Then came a questioning "Who?"

"Yeah." (Silence)

"Saturday night? Swell."

"Oh, sure." (Embarrassed laugh)

"O. K."

"No, I won't."

"Uh-huh. See you—"

"Bye."

He put the receiver back in a daze as a look of complete bewilderment spread over his features.

"Who was it?" asked his mother.

"I dunno—some girl."

"Didn't you find out her name?"

"Well, gosh! She told me twice and I still didn't understand, so I just let it go!"

"Really, dear." His mother sounded annoyed, even a bit exasperated. "What did she want?"

Johnnie answered dully. "She's taking me to a turnabount Saturday night. Said she'd pick me up about nine o'clock."

He was silent, realizing his predicament. Then he became optimistic. "It might be Joan Kent," he said. "It sounded like her. Gosh! I hope so. She's **neat.**" His face brightened as he considered that prospect. His mother, not wishing to disturb his reverie, returned to her book.

Presently a groan, touching in its misery, penetrated her concentration. She looked up to find her son gazing at her with hopeless and despairing eyes.

"Know what?" he said in sepulchral tones. "I just thought. It sounded like Muriel, too. Golly, what a mouldy gal. They call her 'floor-mop' at school."

His mother burst into laughter, for Muriel and her obvious attraction for Johnnie were standing family jokes. Johnnie didn't think the situation particularly humorous. He wandered back to his homework (by way of the icebox and pantry), pondering the questions which arose in his mind. Who was it? If it was Joan—good! If it was Muriel—it couldn't be worse. What was he going to say at school if the subject of the turnabout came up? And how would he find out what girl he was going with? What would the "gang" say when the facts were known?

Johnnie sat in his chair immersed in these, and other, dire thoughts. The telephone tinkled. He shuddered. —MARGARET WALTER, XII Form

# ADRIAN

Everyone was talking about the dance, and I felt very neglected and alone. I did, that is, until I heard about the list of blind dates that was available. I walked into the principal's office and offered to go with one of the boys on the list. That was my mistake. Later I would have preferred to remain neglected and very much alone.

My date was named Adrian, but I overlooked the name, certain that it suited his superior personality. I pictured him tall, dark, energetic, with a quick smile and an easy manner. He was the type, I was sure, who did things well, without effort, without question. I could see him, proud, aloof, outstanding, older and so much wiser than the loud, chattering boys who usually rushed uselessly about the dance floor. Adrian, I was sure, would have poise.

On the night of the dance I left my room with an air of expectancy. I felt like a modern Cinderella as I walked down the stairs and into the large reception room of the boarding school. Everyone was excited and tense; and as the girls were called from the room at their escort's arrival, I began to have qualms. But I pushed them out of my thoughts. Suddenly my name was called and I walked slowly from the room. I shall never forget my first glimpse of him. One of the chaperons was standing with him, and as they approached, Adrian reminded me of a dog, a big shaggy dog drawing back on his leash, scared and pathetic. My dream vanished and in its place stood Adrian. His name suited him. He danced badly, stammered, spilled his punch, and finally showed signs of catching cold. We sat quietly near a radiator and Adrian put on his coat. Conversation was scarce and dull. Adrian was an enthusiastic reader and enjoyed Dickens. Adrian didn't like sports, but was fascinated by engines. Adrian . . . I stopped listening. Adrian was Adrian, and when the dance was over I went upstairs sadly disillusioned.

—ANN BALLINGER, XII Form

As the sun sent its rays of golden glory on the bare mountains, they seemed an enchanted fairyland in which small dancing sunbeams were the nymphs. The dewdrops glistened like diamonds. The sun, as if enthralled by the scene, seemed not to move. It shed its glory on crag and cliff, outlining the high parts and leaving the others in shadow; but not for always, for as the sun rose higher in the sky, the shadowed places were brought out into the light and made beautiful.

So it is with life: some people shine, sparkle, and are for a time the high spots; whereas others are in shadow. Then the "others" come out from the shadows that engulf them to shine and glitter just as brightly as the high ones; some are even more glittering. Every life — even the smallest — has glory at some time. Oh, and as the sun rises higher and higher, and the world becomes brighter and brighter, all, even the most unnoticed places shine, though perhaps for only a moment. Then, suddenly, they become just a part of the range, like all of the other mountains that we see.

—MARCIA MAE WYNKOOP, IX Form

# THE "FUNNY PAPERS"

Have you ever read the Funny Papers? If you have not, you have missed a wonderful experience. It will not do to read them only once; you must read them daily, and especially Sundays. My father decided to read "Li'l Abner" when he heard Bow (my sister) and myself speak of it highly, but said, after having read it **only once,** that it was "dumb." We told him that he had to keep on reading it, and that then it would grow on him, and he would enjoy it. He did this, and it did grow on him, but in such a way that when he now mentions it, Mother asks us to leave the room. But he is a special case.

There are different types of funnies. There is the "Cycle," or "Repeating" variety, and there is the "Exotic," or "Luxurious" type. An example of the first type would be "Little Orphan Annie" (extremely irritating).

Little Orphan Annie runs away, has adventures, gets taken in by a kindly couple, helps them solve a major difficulty, leaves them when they are happy; is rescued by Daddy Warbucks (who, in the meantime, has been in India, getting rich), lives with him till he loses his money, and goes to India to make some more; runs away again, and so forth. This has been going on for quite some years, with Harold Gray, the author, apparently never running out of sage philosophy to put into this bratty infant's mouth. There are others of this type, such as "Dick Tracy," which I will not describe here.

The "Exotic" type would include "Terry and the Pirates," "Flash Gordon," "Prince Valiant," and others. They are all somewhat the same; the women are always snaky and gorgeous and the men are virile and handsome. (There are always three or four women to one man, a fact which seems to prove that the author is a male.) In my opinion, the best is "Terry and the Pirates."

Then there are the miscellaneous. Perhaps this group includes some of the best, such as "Skeezix." Skeezix is the only character who grows up. ("Baby Dumpling" grows too, but in leaps and bounds; Skeezix has a birthday every year.) The whole cartoon is written with so much humor, sense, and kindliness, that it is truly one of the best comics. My hat is off to you, Mr. King!

Anyway, no matter what paper you read, or what funnies it has in it, they are something that should not be ignored. In our family, they are the only reason for getting the paper. (Mother and Dad think differently, but enjoy them just the same.)

—JANE ALLAN LOEB, XI Form

# CHRISTMAS

When winds blow keen and boughs are bare,
In winter's darkest days,
Comes Christmas like an open fire
To warm us with its blaze.

This hearth that lies within the heart
May shine as dim or bright
As logs of friendship we heap there,
Burning love — the Christmas Light.

— BETTE DILLING, IX Form

# HAMLET—AND ROMEO

A shabby old man walked back and forth, unnoticed, in front of the theater. It was some time before he could gather courage to speak to the caretaker, who was leaning on his broom in the doorway.

"Opening the old place up?"

"Yeah, some Junior League play or something."

"Used to be one of the best, didn't it?"

"Oh, sure, but look at it now."

The old man walked up the vestibule slowly, pausing to glance at the gay posters adorning it.

The theater was old and musty. The dim light from the open door straggled down the aisles like a late arriver and touched each dirty seat, each cobweb-hung fixture with gentleness and flattery. The old man stood on the threshold with wonder in his eyes. He seemed afraid to enter. Here in this theater he had played the greatest Hamlet ever known. With his wife as Juliet, he had played the Romeo that had delighted the whole world. Then at her death twenty years ago, the downward path had come up to meet him. His lifetime savings had swiftly diminished. His friends had also vanished, as soon as they were sure that he was on the way down. He had thought of a comeback with his name behind him; but when the time came it had been easier to go along in his idle, dirty, dissipated way. He had gambled—occasionally he had cheated; and without too much effort he had just managed to make ends meet.

With his eyes fixed on the stage, the old man said soberly, "Only the anniversary of her death and the memory of my love for all this could have decided me. Life will begin again in bit parts for the man who played Hamlet!"

— JUDITH GILLFILLAN, X Form

# THOUGHTS ON A RAINY DAY

I. Fog

The fog's so mousy still and soft
You scarce can feel it in your hair;
But when you smooth it with your hand,
You find the dampness there.

II. Autumn Rain

The trees are sad this afternoon;
Their golden leaves drip in the rain.
They hang their lovely heads and wish
That summer could return again.

III. To a Bell Buoy

O ringer of sad solitudes,
Through mist and rain and swelling sea
Your mournfully harsh clang is heard,
Rolling through the fog to me.

—JANE ALLAN LOEB, XI Form

# THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

"Why, yes, Mrs. Jones, Joan would just love to take care of Sally. All right, she'll be over at six o'clock."

It had happened again: poor Joan had to take care of the incorrigible Sally Jones for another dreaded evening. No use arguing, for it was all settled.

After a hurried meal, evening found Joan at the comfortable residence of the Joneses, settling down to read. Little Sally came tottering forward with a rag book.

"Read," she muttered, almost inaudibly.

"I have to finish my English theme," said Joan, and again faced her books.

"Read," repeated Sally, this time somewhat louder. Disregarding her, Joan solemnly turned a page. Suddenly, the little girl emitted a howl.

"Read!" She started to cry, but as Joan reluctantly opened the rag book her chubby face brightened.

" 'My name is Bob. I am a boy.' " began Joan in a low monotone. Meanwhile, Sally had located a ball.

"Play," she cried.

Joan threw the ball carelessly across the room. In great glee, little Sally ran after it. Then she changed her mind.

"Eat!" . . . She started for the kitchen. Then the clock struck seven.

Thankfully, Joan took the little girl by the hand and marched her to the bedroom. After throwing balls, reading books, and making faces for the pleasure of her small charge, Joan finally succeeded in getting her into bed; but that was only after a bedtime story. Even now all was not over. At eight o'clock, after Sally had got out of bed for perhaps the tenth time, she finally lay back exhausted, content at last to retire for the night.

But Joan was not quite as contented. She gazed at the meagre beginning of her work. No, she decided, this theme must wait. Too bad; for it was a good idea. Tomorrow she must be satisfied to hand in merely a "paragraph theme."

— JOAN MOORE, IX Form

# HER FACE

As lovely as a flower is her face,
Like cherry blossoms blooming in the spring,
Perfect as an angel's downy wing,
As delicate as Queen Anne's lace,
As lovely as a flower is her face.

A flawless waxen image is her face,
Blank as an unlived-in room.
Duller than eternal gloom,
A barren and deserted place,
A flawless waxen image is her face.

— MARY ELIZABETH PRICE, X Form

# A TRIP TO GRENADA

Pat sank into the wicker chair on the veranda of the governor's house. At last she was in Grenada, the one place where she had wanted most to go. The island was just a pin point on the map; but ever since some friends had come back from there with moving pictures, the pin point had become an enchanted place in her dreams. Pat had never expected to come here at all, much less under such unusual circumstances. It was all very strange indeed.

It was just last week that her parents informed her that Uncle Cedric, who had lived for so long in India, was the newly appointed governor of Grenada and the other Windward Islands. What is more, he had written an invitation for them to come and visit him and his wife that winter. Since he had not seen his brother or sister-in-law in many years, and had never seen his niece, he was exceptionally eager to have them come. Pat's father had wanted to see his brother also; and, exasperated with the slush and snow of mid-winter in New York, the family packed up and departed for the Island of Grenada.

Pat had never been on a real ocean liner before, and everything was new and amazing to her. When the ship left New York harbor, the passengers and people on the dock threw confetti; until the little tugs, like industrious ants, pulled the huge ship from its place beside the wharf. The sun was just setting as they passed the Statue of Liberty, and it gave a multi-colored backdrop to the silent figure in gold.

The first day of the trip was uneventful; but late that afternoon the ship reached Cape Hatteras, which is just east of North Carolina. This point is the only bad spot on the way to the Caribbean Sea; and this time the currents of air and water were putting up a beautiful battle. Most of the passengers were seasick; and because of the heavy sea, it was too dangerous for anyone to go out for the relief of fresh air. Pat did not feel any too well herself, and so she went to bed and slept through most of the rough water. The trip was not direct. There were stop-offs at St. Thomas, Martinique, and Trinidad; but when Grenada was finally reached it was a thousand times better than any imagination or movies.

St. Georges, the capital of this and the other Windward Islands, is a little city nestled up in the green hills. The whitewashed buildings stand out in brilliant relief against the deep, rich green of the mountains. On the wharf Uncle Cedric stood waiting. He was dressed in a white suit and wide-brimmed panama. He was tall and rather deeply tanned—a typical Englishman. The natives, shy but curious, were grouped around him, because a new governor is always a point of great interest. When he saw Pat and her mother and father, he greeted them with open arms. Their luggage was loaded into a station-wagon and driven off; but they all got into Uncle Cedric's official car and began the drive to his house. It was a comparatively short drive, just out of the city. Pat saw bamboo growing in great groves; and every now and then, the car would go across the bridge of a clear mountain stream which wove itself through a tunnel of overhanging foliage.

When the governor's house was at last reached, Uncle Cedric's good-looking wife, Lucy, greeted them cordially and took them into the livingroom, which was cool and refreshing after the hot ride from the landing. After the trunks and suitcases had arrived, Pat and her mother went upstairs to unpack and get ready for

lunch, which would soon be ready. Pat knew that she was going to have a wonderful time on the island, because Aunt Lucy had told them already that she had invited to dinner some friends and their children, who were about Pat's age.

Pat's dream was coming true, and she knew as she sat reflecting that afternoon, that it would be very hard to say good-bye to beautiful Grenada when the time came.

— CAROLYN CONLEY, X Form

## THE END

There were mare's tails in the sky,
For the end was near.
They trailed white scarves,
Moved by blind fear;
For a sharp wind passed
Across the pale gray
Of the powdered sky
On an autumn day.
And the naked twigs
And the withered grass
Stood stark by the road
And let him pass.
He — with his flaming cap of red,
His suit of brown and gold,
A thousand lines upon his face,
A thousand years — so old.
His life — a leaf upon the winds,
A crisp leaf, burnt and dried,
A leaf that blows from fence to fence,
A leaf that sails on shifting tides.
He comes and goes upon the hills,
Across the fruitful lands;
Along the dusty winding roads —
Footprints in the sands.

And so he passed alone
Down the stony rutted lane,
From the fierce driving winds
To the beating winter rain—
Past the naked tree,
A dead world by its side,
Onward he came,
And so —
the autumn died.

— ANN KITTERMASTER, X Form

# FRENCH SECTION

## LE QUATORZE JUILLET

C'était un jour sombre. Le soleil avait disparu derrière les nuages mais se montrait de nouveau. Je me suis réveillée avec un sentiment d'émotion. J'ai senti que quelque chose allait arriver. Alors je me suis rappelée. C'était le quatorze juillet. Ils préparaient un grand défilé. Des avions anglais devaient voler au dessus de nos têtes, des soldats dans leurs uniformes de couleurs gaies devaient marcher. Des gens étaient venus de partout pour voir le grand spectacle.

Le vestibule de l'hôtel était plein de gens agités. Dans les rues les gens couraient, les mères portaient leurs enfants, les petits enfants couraient à côté de leur père, les vieux et les jeunes également se sont pressés et se sont bousculés. Nous avons marché aux Tuileries parce qu'il n'y avait pas de taxis. Nous avons trouvé une place et là nous nous sommes préparés à attendre. Pour moi la vue de tant de gens était plus intéressante que le défilé. J'avais vu beaucoup de parades chez moi, donc je me suis occupée à regarder les gens. La plupart d'entr'eux étaient français mais de temps en temps on voyait un Anglais ou un Italien ou un Américain comme nous. Bientôt le défilé a commencé. C'était une vue saisissante et un peu effrayante. Les sentiments de ces gens étaient si intenses. Le bruit de leurs applaudissements mélangé au grondement pénétrant des moteurs des avions était pareil à une ombre de la guerre proche. Subitement j'avais froid. J'ai voulu revenir à l'hôtel. Ce sentiment a passé, et j'ai regardé tout avec intérêt. Nous avons vu des paysans qui dansaient dans les rues, nous avons vu le grand spectacle des feux d'artifice. Pourtant ce soir-là, j'étais contente de savoir que je pouvais rentrer dans mon pays et pas simplement dans une chambre d'un hôtel à Paris.

— NANCY McCLOUD, XII Form

Le printemps passé nous sommes allées à la Nouvelle Orléans avec des étudiantes d'Evanston Township High School. Un samedi matin une trentaine de garçons et de jeunes filles sont partis de Chicago dans un train special. Une douzaine de ces jeunes filles étaient de Roycemore. Quand nous sommes arrivés à la Nouvelle Orléans nous sommes allés au Vieux Carré où se trouve le quartier français. Notre hôtel était là. Pendant trois jours nous avons vu la Nouvelle Orléans et le Mississippi.

Le Vieux Carré était la chose la plus intéressante de tout le voyage. Il y avait de vieilles maisons dont les balcons penchaient sur les rues étroites. Nous avons visité beaucoup de cours avec des fontaines et de petits jardins. Il y a beaucoup de restaurants français où nous avons fait de très bons repas. Un soir un groupe a visité le vieux marché vers minuit où nous avons eu des beignets et du café.

Après que nous avons vu toutes les choses intéressantes, le train spécial nous a amenés à Natchez pour voir les vieilles maisons du temps de la guerre civile. Nous espérons que nous aimerons la France quand nous y irons autant que nous avons aimé la Nouvelle Orléans. — BARBARA ALLEN and HELEN SPEED, XII Form

## MA COMPOSITION FRANCAISE

Hier soir j'ai tâché d'écrire une composition française. Je me suis assise à mon bureau avec un crayon et un morceau de papier. J'ai pensé. Je me suis levée pour répondre au téléphone. Puis je me suis rendue à la bibliothèque et j'ai pensé. J'ai écrit quelques mots mais je les ai effacés. Puis, j'ai écouté la radio, Glen Miller et les soeurs Andrew. Après que ce programme a été fini, j'ai pensé encore. Je suis allée à la cuisine pour chercher un "coca-cola." Puis j'ai pense et j'ai pensé et j'ai pensé mais je n'ai pu rien écrire. J'avais fait des dessins sur le papier mais pas de composition. Que faire! La pendule a sonné dix heures. Enfin j'ai eu une inspiration. J'ai pris le crayon et j'ai écrit cette composition! — MARY ELIZABETH PRICE, X Form

Marie haissait le lycée, elle avait pensé qu'elle s'y amuserait bien parce qu'elle y renconterait de nouveaux personnages et qu'elle ne serait plus seule, comme elle était toujours chez elle mais elle n'aimait pas du tout le lycée, les longues marches chaque jour, s'il pleuvait ou s'il faisait beau, les regards fixes des autres filles, qui pensaient qu' elle était folle parce qu'elle était étrangère. Non, elle ne comprenait pas leurs mots, leurs coutumes ni leurs plaisanteries. Depuis qu'elle était venue, il y a deux jours, Marie n'avait rencontré personne.

Maintenant allant à sa classe, elle était seule et malheureuse. Elle s'est retournée à l'improviste et regardé la fille que marchait à côte d'elle. Cette fille était petite et grasse et elle avait l'air triste. Marie, oubliant sa misére, timidement lui a parlé. Elle a trouvé gue la petite fille était triste et solitaire aussi. Ainsi les deux filles se sont raconté leurs peines et sont devenues de bonnes amies. Maintenant, avec son amie, Marie commençait à aimer le lycée. — ANN SPEED, X Form

## UN PETIT CHEVAL

Je suis un petit cheval brun. Je demeure avec ma mère dans le champ de mon maître, le fermier Jones, qui est un très bon homme. Un jour j'ai été un très méchant cheval parce que je me suis enfui de ma mère. Je suis allé si loin que je me suis perdu. J'ai appelé ma mère mais elle ne m'a pas entendu. J'avais faim et j'étais fatigué et je voulais ma mère. Enfin je me suis endormi. Bientôt quelqu'un m'a réveillé. C'était ma mère. Elle m'a ramené au champ du fermier Jones et elle m'a donné un long sermon. Alors je me suis promis que je serai toujours un bon cheval et que je ne m'enfuirai plus jamais. — SUE BUCKLEY, IX Form

### JEUDI 22 FEVRIER

Je me lève aujourd'hui
  Et je pense avec désir
Qu'il n'y a pas d'école
  Et je tremble de plaisir.

Mais les maîtres vont au congrès
  Ils ne peuvent rester au lit
Ni écouter la T. S. F.
  J'espère qu'ils ont beaucoup appris.
— JULIE LANE, IX Form

## UNE TRES PETITE HISTOIRE

Sur la table de toilette qui était dans la chambre de Madame de la Comtesse de Chamilley, il y avait une statue très petite d'une femme, sculptée de marbre blanc d'une manière exquise. Elle avait une robe grecque qui était drapée doucement. Elle se tenait en équilibre sur le pied gauche, sa jambe droite, était derrière elle, son bras, était levé haut. Cette délicate figurine, malgré sa beauté, était très malheureuse. Elle, comme Galatea, voulait vivre, respirer, se mouvoir. Rien ne pouvait la faire contente sauf la vie humaine. Elle l'aimait mieux que lat sécurite et le confort de sa place sur la table au milieu de beaucoup de beaux objets. Un jour une petite fille de trois ans est entrée dans la chambre. Elle a admiré la figurine et elle a tendu la main pour la prendre. Sa petite main potelée l'a saisie impétueusement et l'a écrasée à force de son ardeur. La pauvre figurine qui avait toujours voulu vivre surtout était morte sans même avoir vécu.

— LIBBY AUSTIN, XI Form

## ODE A LA MISERE

Quand j'étudie, j'étudie bien
Je semble intelligente;
Mais dans la classe, je ne sais rien . . .
Jamais je ne suis contente.

La classe a écrit, pour se faire rire,
Des drôleries en anglais;
Maintenant, horreur! Il faut écrire
De même, mais en français!

Eh bien, je me creuse la cervelle,
Je réfléchis, je pense;
Mais mes pensées ne sont pas belles . . .
Elle ne font aucun sens!

Je jure, je m'arrache les cheveux, je pleure
Pour rien, ma tête est vide.
Je passe ainsi de mauvaises heures.
Peut-être suis-je stupide.

Maintenant, ma pauvre tête me désole.
Je ne penserai plus jamais.
Je prie les maîtres de notre école
De demander ce que je sais!

— JEAN FARICY, XI Form

# ACTIVITIES



Top row: Russell, Kanaley, Faricy, Freeman, Guinan, Kirtland, Austin. Middle row: Stockton, McKisson, Delaney Speed, Winston, Brown, Nock, Lane, Loeb. Front row: Donohue, Walter, Corcoran, Thomas, Tilden

# STUDENT GOVERNMENT BOARD
# OFFICERS 1939-1940

President ..... Laura Winston
Vice-President ..... Betsy Brown
Secretary ..... Helen Speed
Treasurer ..... Jean Goushá

Representatives

Griffin ..... Margaret Walter
Red Feather ..... Joan Mercer
Athletics ..... Loraine Kirtland
Masque and Dirk ..... Nancy Delaney
Glee Club ..... Bennette Freeman
Library ..... Mari Guinan
Senior Class ..... Josephine Corcoran
Junior Class ..... First Semester — Elizabeth Austin; Second Semester — Jean Sullivan
Sophomore Class ..... Anne Tilden
Freshman Class ..... Daphne Donohue

Officers of all the Classes of the Upper School



Top row: Ingram, Thomas, McPherrin, Klaner, Middle row: Magie, Corcoran, Miss Hjermstad, Bogert, Delaney.
Front row: Kirtland, Huth

## ATHLETIC BOARD

President ..... Josephine Corcoran
Vice-President ..... Dale Bogert
Secretary ..... Joan Huth
Treasurer ..... Nancy Delaney
Head of Hockey ..... Loraine Kirtland
Head of Basketball ..... Joy McPherrin
Head of Track ..... Betty Magie
Head of Health ..... Janet Ingram
Head of Hiking ..... Joan Mercer
Head of Baseball ..... Connie Klaner
Head of Miscellaneous Sports ..... Babs Thomas
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Hjermstad

## PROGRAM FOR THE YEAR

Party for the Freshmen ..... October
Hockey Spread ..... November
Party and Initiation ..... February
Palio ..... March
Field Day ..... May
Election of Officers ..... May
Banquet ..... May



Top row: Nash, Sullivan, Thomas, Peake, Everitt, McKewen, Evans, Mueller, Lane, Mellor. Middle row: Bermingham, Magie, Bogert, Speed, Drake, Guinan, Nock, Buckley, Ingram, Huth, Patterson. Front row: McPherrin, Johnson, Brown, Webb, Amend, Mercer, Bowman, Klaner, Price

# HOCKEY SQUAD

**Second Team**
Brown, Captain
Corning
Faricy
Huth
Johnson
Klaner
Magie, P.
McPherrin
Mercer
Price
Webb

**Third Team**
Amend
Bermingham
Buckley
Cook
Drake
Guinan
Ingram
Kittermaster
Nock
Patterson
Sheridan
Speed, H.

**Fourth Team**
Chamberlaine
Foley
Gillfillan
Harbrecht, P. A.
Lane
McKewen
Mellor
Mueller
Nash
Speed, A.
Thomas



Sherritt, Freeman, McCloud, Allen, Bogan, Austin, Kirtland, Stover, Corcoran, Walter, Winston

# FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Allen
Austin
Bogan
Corcoran, Captain
Freeman
Kirtland
Magie, B.
McCloud
Mercer
Sherritt
Stover
Walter
Winston

## INTERSCHOLASTIC SCORES

Roycemore vs. North Shore Country Day School — October 27, 1939:

1st Team . . . . . 5-0 (North Shore)
2nd Team. . . . . 5-0 (North Shore)
3rd Team . . . . . 5-0 (North Shore)
4th Team . . . . . 2-0 (Roycemore)

Roycemore vs. Girls' Latin School of Chicago — November 17, 1939:

1st Team . . . . . 2-2
2nd Team. . . . . 3-2 (Roycemore)

# CLASS HOCKEY

First Place — Seniors
Second place — Juniors and Freshmen
Third Place — Sophomores

## TEAMS

| Seniors | Juniors | Sophomores | Freshmen |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allen | Amos | Goushá | Alther |
| Amend | Anderson | Hoover | Buckley |
| Ballinger | Austin | Kittermaster | Chamberlaine |
| Bermingham | Bogan | Kuhnen | Dilling |
| Corcoran | Bogert | Morrissey | Donohue |
| Delaney | Bowman | Price | Evans |
| Doyle | Brown | Speed | Fitzgerald |
| Freeman | Cook | Thomas | Harbrecht |
| Guinan | Drake | Tilden | Lane |
| Harrison | Faricy | Williamson | McCurdy |
| Hill | Foley | | Moore |
| Huth | Ingram | | Mueller |
| Kirtland | Johnson | | Nash |
| Magie | Klaner | | Nock |
| McCloud | Magie | | Peake |
| McKisson | McKewen | | Potts |
| Mercer | McPherrin | | Russell |
| Patterson | Mellor | | Tabin |
| Porter | Remy | | Thomas |
| Powells | Ryan | | Wynekoop |
| Schutter | Sheridan | | |
| Speed | Sherritt | | |
| Walter | Somerville | | |
| Winston | Stover | | |
| | Sullivan | | |
| | Webb | | |




Top row: Magie, Mueller, Buckley, Chamberlaine, Corcoran, Bowman, Brown, Drake. Middle row: Mercer, Johnson, Wynekoop, Winston, Allen, Patterson, McCloud, Webb, McCurdy. Bottom row: Tabin, Nock, Fitzgerald, McPherrin, Anderson, Moore, Klaner.

## BASKETBALL SQUAD

| First Team | Second Team |
|---|---|
| Bogan | Allen |
| Bowman | Anderson |
| Corcoran | Brown |
| McCloud | Drake |
| McPherrin, Captain | Huth |
| Mercer | Ingram |
| Walter | Klaner |
| Winston | Magie, B., Captain |
| | Patterson |
| | Webb |

## INTERSCHOLASTIC SCORES

Roycemore vs. North Shore Country Day School — March 2, 1940:
1st Team .....22-22
2nd Team.....25-10 (North Shore)

Roycemore vs. Girls' Latin School of Chicago — March 8, 1940:
1st Team .....27- 8 (Girls' Latin)
2nd Team.....50-18 (Girls' Latin)

# CLASS BASKETBALL

First Place — Seniors
Second Place — Juniors
Third Place — Freshmen
Fourth Place — Sophomores

## TEAMS

| Seniors | Juniors | Sophomores | Freshmen |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allen | Anderson | Bradley | Alther |
| Amend | Bogan | Conley | Buckley |
| Bermingham | Bogert | Dean | Chamberlaine |
| Corcoran | Bowman | Denison | Dilling |
| Doyle | Brown | Fleischmann | Donohue |
| Guinan | Drake | Gillfillan | Evans |
| Huth | Everitt | Goushá | Fitzgerald |
| B. Magie | Foley | Hoover | Harbrecht |
| McCloud | Ingram | Ives | Lane |
| McKisson | Johnson | Jordan | McCurdy |
| Mercer | Klaner | Kittermaster | Moore |
| Patterson | McKewen | Kuhnen | Mueller |
| Porter | Mellor | Linthicum | Nash |
| Reed | Nickell | Morrissey | Nock |
| Schutter | Remy | Mowry | Peake |
| Speed | Richardson | Pirie | Potts |
| Walter | Ryan | Price | Russell |
| Winston | Sheridan | Robinson | Tabin |
| | Stockton | Speed | Thomas |
| | Sullivan | Thomas | Wynekoop |
| | Webb | Tilden | |
| | Wenger | Veale | |
| | | Wickman | |
| | | Wieboldt | |
| | | Williamson | |

# THE PALIO

Primary and Lower School Palio, 1940

Judges

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Jane Hunt | Kemper Hall, Kenosha |
| Miss Phydele Gourley | Kemper Hall, Kenosha |
| Mrs. Treat | Haven School, Evanston |

The American Flag carried by Laura Winston,
President of Roycemore Commonwealth

The Palio Banner carried by the Officers of the Eighth Form,
Winners of the Palio in 1939

Miss Natalie Rockman, Director of Physical Education
in the Primary and Lower Schools

Primary School Places

Posture: Second Form — Daily Work: Second Form

Lower School Places

| | Posture | | Palio |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Place | Anne Haskell | 1st Place | Eighth Form |
| 2nd Place | Ann Blunt | 2nd Place | Sixth Form |
| 3rd Place | Sally Holland | 3rd Place | Seventh Form |
| 4th Place | Mary Sutter | 4th Place | Fifth Form |

Upper School Palio

Judges

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Helen C. James | Director, Warwick Woods Camp |
| Miss E. Winifred Briggs | Northwestern University |
| Miss Mary Cutler | Evanston Township High School |

The American Flag carried by Laura Winston,
President of Roycemore Commonwealth

The Palio Banner carried by Members of the Class of 1940,
Winners of the Palio in 1939

Miss Marie Hjermstad, Director

Places

| | Posture | | Palio |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Place | Shirley Fitzgerald | 1st Place | Seniors |
| 2nd Place | Loraine Kirtland | 2nd Place | Freshmen |
| 3rd Place | Jean Sullivan | 3rd Place | Juniors |
| 4th Place | Barbara Patterson, Carolyn Conley | 4th Place | Sophomores |

# ATHLETIC HONORS, 1938-1939

## NUMERALS, 125 POINTS

Amos
Bissell
Bogan
Bogert
Corcoran
Delaney
Doyle
Drake
Falley, J.
Faricy
Goushá
Guinan
Harrison
Hoover
Johnson, C.
Klaner
Magie, P.
McInnis
Parkhill
Quisenberry
Remy
Roach
Roby
Rodger
Speed, H.
Starrells
Thomas
Tilden

## BLUE "R'S," 250 POINTS

Allen
Anderson
Bermingham
Brown, B.
Corcoran
Counselman
Freeman
Heilman
Hubachek
Huth
Ingram
Johnson, C.
Magie, B.
McCloud
McIntosh
Meissel
Patterson
Pirie
Sheridan
Stover
Wieboldt, M. L.

## GOLD "R'S," 350 POINTS

Austin
Brossard
Counselman
Ingram
Mercer
Patterson
Winston

## MEDALS, 450 POINTS

Harris
McBride
Winston

## FIELD DAY, 1939

First Place — Sophomores
Second Place — Freshmen
Third Place — Juniors
Fourth Place — Seniors

| **Seniors** | **Juniors** | **Sophomores** | **Freshmen** |
|---|---|---|---|
| Counselman | Ballinger | Austin | Conley |
| Harris | Brossard | Bowman | Dean |
| Johnson, M. | Huth | Fox | Fleischmann |
| McBride | Kirtland | Harrington | Kittermaster |
| McIntosh | Magie, B. | Klaner | Morrissey |
| Roach | McCloud | Stockton | Redfield |
| Roby | Quisenberry | Stover | Speed, A. |
| Vail | Walter | Webb | Tilden |



McKisson, Schutter, Huth, McCloud, Patterson, Miss Rice, Guinan, Allen, Delaney, Walter

## MASQUE AND DIRK BOARD

President ..... Nancy McCloud
Treasurer ..... Barbara Allen
Corresponding Secretary ..... Margaret Walter
Recording Secretary ..... Mari Guinan
Head of Stage ..... Barbara Patterson
Head of Lights ..... Joan Schutter
Head of Costumes ..... Nancy McKisson
Head of Properties ..... Nancy Delaney
Head of Make-Up ..... Joan Huth
Coach ..... Miss Elinor Rice



Top row: McPherrin, Ingram, Bowman, Mellor, Harbrecht, Faricy, Amos, Corning, Remy, Webb, Austin, Bogan, Bogart. Middle row: Conley, Patterson, Miss Rice, Guinan, McKisson, Schutter, McCloud, Allen, Huth, Walter, Delaney, Brown. Front row: Foley, Thomas, Kirtland, Brown, Bermingham, Doyle, Winston, Speed, Sherritt

## MASQUE AND DIRK

Allen
Amend
Amos
Austin
Bermingham
Bogan
Bogert
Bradley
Brown, B.
Brown, M.
Bowman
Conley
Corning
Delaney
Denison
Doyle
Drake
Evans
Faricy
Fitzgerald
Fleischmann
Foley
Guinan
Harbrecht, M.
Harbrecht, P.
Huth
Ingram
Ives
Johnson
Kirtland
Lane
Magie
McCloud
McCurdy
McKisson
McPherrin
Mellor
Mercer
Nock
Patterson
Peake
Price
Remy
Russell
Schutter
Sherritt
Speed
Stover
Sullivan
Thomas
Veale
Walter
Webb
Winston

# MASQUE AND DIRK CLUB

Membership in the Masque and Dirk Club is accorded in recognition of work in plays and on the various crews. Nine senior girls comprise the Board, which, as the head of Masque and Dirk, works directly with Miss Rice on the planning and presentation of all programs. A series of one-act plays acted and staged by Roycemore students is the club's main project, while the event second in importance is the annual program given for the Chicago Commons. This year, on April 12, busses were sent for the audience from the Commons, and a group of three one-act plays was presented in the Roycemore gymnasium. The social program of Masque and Dirk consists of attendance at numerous legitimate plays and University productions, with an occasional leading radio program, lecture, or movie included in the schedule.

# ONE-ACT PLAYS FOR 1939-1940

**Give the Audience a Chance:** Cast—Libby Austin, Peggy Bradley, Carolyn Conley, Barbara Corning, Therese Jordan, Shirley Mellor, Catharine Remy, Janet Richardson, Joan Stover, Babs Thomas, Peggy Wickman.
We feel that Tilly and Sully should make color and design their life work, especially if their costumes in this play were any indication of their tastes.

**Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil:** Cast—Anamary Evans, Shirley Fitzgerald, Patsy Harbrecht, Julie Lane, Nancy Nock, Judy Peake, Ginny Russell, Gerry Tabin.
The next time Betsy Brown assures us that she has attached the head of the ape to its handle, we'll try it out on her neck.

**Sunday Costs Five Pesos:** Cast—Mary Everitt, Janet Ingram, Catharine Remy, Arlee Sherritt, Joan Stover.

**Our Town** (one scene): Cast—Dorothy Amend, Jane Bermingham, Dale Bogert, Bunny Byers, Betty Doyle, Jean Faricy, Mari Guinan, Sue Hill, Joan Huth, Carolyn Johnson, Loraine Kirtland, Betty Magie, Nancy McCloud, Joy McPherrin, Shirley Mellor, Helen Speed, Laura Winston, Barbara Patterson.
High Lights: Mad confusion for three days; Barb Allen's introduction; curtain opens on play—total darkness; variations in make-up; Laura's equilibrium; RICEY'S PATIENCE FINALLY APPRECIATED.

**Poetry and Plaster:** Cast—Dale Bogert, Berenice Fleischmann, Darlene Foley, Barbara Ives.
Did Martha Graham teach Dale modern dancing, or did the poem really inspire those movements?

**March Heir:** Cast—Betsy Brown, Sue Buckley, Daphne Donohue, Jacqueline McCurdy, Joan Moore, Sallie Thomas.
Final scoop: junior assistant director lands feminine lead. Skill or drag, Betsy?

**The Ghosts of Windsor Park:** Cast—Josephine Alther, Peggy Bradley, Diane Chamberlaine, Teresa Denison, Elizabeth Dilling, Anamary Evans, Patsy Harbrecht, Julie Lane, Nancy Mueller, Wayne Nash, Nancy Nock, Judy Peake, Mary Elizabeth Price, Ginny Russell, Ann Speed, Corinne Veale, Marcia Wynekoop.

**Air Raid, Pot Boilers,** and **Mirror to Elizabeth** are also to be presented.



# PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Dramatized from the novel of Jane Austen by Helen Jerome

Presented by the Senior Class December 8th, 1939

Cast of Characters in Order of Their Appearance

Mr. Bennet ..... Barbara Patterson
Hill ..... Kate Kanaley
Mrs. Bennet ..... Nancy Delaney
Lady Lucas ..... Helen Speed
Charlotte Lucas ..... Barbara Allen
Jane ..... Mari Guinan
Lydia ..... Marjorie Brown
Elizabeth ..... Nancy McCloud
Mr. Bingley ..... Laura Winston
Mr. Darcy ..... Margaret Walter
Mr. Collins ..... Loraine Kirtland
Maid ..... Sue Page Hill
Amelia ..... Jane Bermingham
Capt. Denny ..... Betty Magie
Mr. Wickham ..... Madeline Porter
1st Young Man ..... Evelyn Parkhill
2nd Young Man ..... Patricia Coburn
3rd Young Man ..... Joyce Sweet
Claire ..... Bennette Freeman
Susan ..... Jean Kelly
Amanda ..... Dorothy Amend
Agatha ..... Ann Ballinger
Martha ..... Shirley Powells
Adelaide ..... Joanne Reed
Deborah ..... Jane Merrick
Miss Bingley ..... Joan Huth
Maggie ..... Joan Mercer
Mrs. Gardiner ..... Nancy McKisson
Lady Catherine de Bourgh .. Joan Schutter
Col. Fitzwilliam ..... Josephine Corcoran
Mrs. Lake ..... Betty Doyle



The dramatization by Helen Jerome of Jane Austen's **Pride and Prejudice** was chosen as the play most suited to the dramatic ability and high spirits of this year's Senior Class. Twenty-five years ago, in the first year of our school, the dramatics department produced as the Senior Play this same **Pride and Prejudice.**

We see fit to call it the Senior Play; but in reality it belongs to the whole school and its success depends upon their response to our efforts. This year seventy underclassmen lent their assistance, working long and hard to give us seven scenes and three changes of set. Nothing was spared in the matter of costumes, which were unusually lovely. The flats were all painted and stencilled to reproduce the wallpaper of the period of the play. In the homes of Lady Catherine de Bourgh and Mrs. Gardiner the new dark velour drapes were used for variety.

The play was the result of long and serious work on the part of cast and crew. Rehearsals started in October. However, we all enjoyed the gradual evolving of the characters that were finally presented. We will all remember Nancy, the adorable but flighty Mama, and Barbara, the gruff, sensible, and loving Papa of three daughters—intelligent Lizzy, lovely Jane, and youthful Lydia. Perhaps the clearest picture of all, at least to our lower forms, is that of our two dashing heroes, Monnie and Laura. Tootie's naughty Mr. Wickham, Joan Huth's prim Miss Bingley, and all the other members of the cast helped to make the play a success.

We wish to express our appreciation to Miss Elinor Rice, who directed and staged the production, and to Mr. William McCreary for his valuable help in the construction.

We hope that this year's production, **Pride and Prejudice,** will be as happy a memory for you, the underclassmen, as it is for us, the Class of 1940.

—NANCY McCLOUD, XII Form



Bowman, Corcoran, Lane, Tilden, Freeman, Wenger, Miss Bacon

## MUSIC BOARD

President ..... Bennette Freeman
Vice-President and Secretary ..... Jean Faricy
Treasurer ..... Madeleine Sheridan
Mistress of Robes ..... Anne Tilden
Librarian ..... Teresa Denison



Standing: Brown, Stockton, Williamson, Veale, Corcoran, Walter, Everitt, Parkhill, Linthicum, Webb, Faricy, Cook, Bowman, Jordan, Kelly. Seated: Mowry, Denison, Freeman, Sheridan, Tilden, Miss Bacon, Thomas, Hoover, Kuhnen, Richardson, Lane, Dilling

## THE GLEE CLUB

Bowman
Cook
Denison
Dilling
Faricy
Freeman
Jordan
Kelly
Kuhnen
Lane
Mowry
Richardson
Sheridan
Stockton
Thomas
Tilden
Veale
Webb
Williamson

# ROYCEMORE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM, 1939

## The Summons

Glory Be to God on High ..... Tours
Gloria Patri (Italian) ..... Palestrina
Cherubim Song (from the Russian Liturgy) ..... Bortniansky
Adeste Fideles (German) ..... 18th Century

## The Prophecy

Scripture—The Prophecy ..... Isaiah
O Come, O Come, Emmanuel (ancient plainsong chant) ..... 13th Century

## The Nativity

Scripture—The Nativity ..... St. Luke
Silent Night, Holy Night ..... Grüber
O Little Town of Bethlehem (with audience) ..... Redner
O Jesu So Sweet (string quartet) ..... Bach

## The Angels and the Shepherds

Scripture—The Angels and the Shepherds ..... St. Luke
Watching at Night (harmonized by Davis) ..... Old German Carol
Masters in This Hall ..... Old French Carol

## The Magi

Scripture—The Magi ..... St. Matthew
Say, Where Is He? ..... Mendelssohn
Le Marche des Rois ..... Old French
We Three Kings of Orient Are (with audience) ..... Hopkins

## The Adoration of Men

Wassail, Wassail ..... Gloucestershire Carol
The Twelve Days of Christmas ..... Traditional
Ding-dong! Merrily on High (melody: Branle de l'Official) ..... Arr. by Geer
Deck the Hall (with audience) ..... Welsh Carol
Hallelujah Chorus (The Messiah) ..... Händel

The Christmas Circle and Carol—
Here We Come A-Wassailing ..... Old Yorkshire



Top row: Magie, Anderson, Ryan, Webb, Speed, Gousha, Price, Speed, Bogan, Magie, Sullivan, Doyle. Second row: Huth, Corcoran, Donohue, McCurdy, Linthicum, Winston, Miss Cox, Patterson, Porter, Walter, Faricy, Veale, Ingram, Bradley. Third row: McCloud, Klaner, Cook, Hill, Brown, Guinan, Mercer, Nock, Delaney, Remy, Johnson, Fleischmann, McKisson. Front row: Peake, Bermingham, Brown, McPherrin, Denison, Drake, Mowry, Kuhnen, Thomas, Evans, Austin, Fitzgerald

## RED FEATHER CLUB

President .....Joan Mercer
Vice-President .....Carolyn Johnson
Secretary .....Sally Bogan
Treasurer .....Mari Guinan

### MEMBERS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Allen | Cook | Goushá | Magie, P. | Price |
| Anderson | Corcoran | Guinan | McCloud | Remy |
| Austin | Delaney | Hill | McCurdy | Ryan |
| Ballinger | Donohue | Huth | McKisson | Schutter |
| Bermingham | Doyle | Johnson | McPherrin | Sheridan |
| Bogan | Drake | Kanaley | Mercer | Speed, H. |
| Bogert | Evans | Kelly | Mowry | Sullivan |
| Bradley | Faricy | Klaner | Nock | Thomas |
| Brown, B. | Fitzgerald | Kuhnen | Patterson | Walter |
| Brown, M. | Fleischmann | Linthicum | Peake | Webb |
| Chamberlaine | Freeman | Magie, B. | Porter | Winston |

### WINTER COUNCIL

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bogan | Delaney | Guinan | McPherrin |
| Brown, B. | Doyle | Johnson | Mercer |
| Brown, M. | Drake | Magie, B. | |



# THE ART CLASS 1939-1940

Mary Jane Bermingham
Bunny Byers
Patsy Harbrecht
Janet Linthicum
Peggy Magie
Virginia Mowry
Judy Peake
Mary Elizabeth Price
Joanne Reed
Virginia Russell



Corcoran, Brown, Peake, Russell, Donohue, Guinan, Chamberlaine, Evans, Bowman, Doyle, Speed, McCurdy, Lane, Fitzgerald, Bermingham, Amend, Magie, Loeb

## LIBRARY CLUB

President ..... Aveline Bowman
Representative ..... Mari Guinan

### MEMBERS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bermingham | Corcoran | Fitzgerald | Magie, B. |
| Bowman | Donohue | Guinan | McCurdy |
| Brown, M. | Doyle | Lane | Peake |
| Chamberlaine | Evans | Loeb | Russell |

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT "TEA"

At four o'clock on a warm September afternoon, the whole of Roycemore Upper School was assembled in the gymnasium. The object of the party, which was given by the Student Government Association, was to help new girls get acquainted with each other. Music, dancing, and games were provided for the entertainment. The Guessing Game was the chief feature of the entertainment, its object being to see who could guess the names of the greatest number of girls. The prizes were records.

## R. S. G. A. LUNCHEON

In October the Student Government Board met at Vera Megowen's for luncheon. It had as its guests representatives from high schools, both private and public, along the North Shore. During luncheon each representative gave a brief account of the form of government in effect in his or her school. Through general discussion those present gained a number of ideas, some of which were found practical in application to our Student Government at Roycemore.

## TREASURE HUNT

One could see Roycemore girls in groups of four or five scurrying about the streets around the school with small pieces of paper crumpled in their hands, obviously looking for some hidden article. This scene took place last fall on a very warm afternoon in October. It was the Treasure Hunt given by the Athletic Association. There were twelve clues in all. The hunt was running very smoothly until it was discovered that the clue in the grounds of the water works had been taken away. All the participants were found there looking anxiously for the clue. But they were soon rescued by the committee and all went merrily on their way again. After a half hour or more of searching, the groups of girls had become very thirsty and hungry. When they learned that the prizes had been found, they flocked back to the school for a little nourishment. The rewards were yo-yos.

## THE COMMONWEALTH PROM

Roycemore girls left school at about six o'clock Saturday evening, January 27, dressed in worn blue jeans and plaid shirts. Their hair was tumbling down their backs and getting into their eyes. Most of them were grumbling and sighing because their legs were tired and they had any number of minor operations to perform before half-past seven, the time when all their cares and troubles would vanish and they would be gaily laughing and talking with several handsome young men.

By half-past seven, however, they were completely transformed in appearance. The big moment arrived at nine o'clock when the orchestra started playing and all the couples were assembled ready to dance. Even the gym was transformed. The color scheme was gold, blue, and white. In the center of the gym at the top was a huge gold ball. Streamers of blue, gold, and white were attached to the ball and then tacked to the side of the gym. Balloons were hung along the walls in clusters. The light was blue, a lovely soft light for dancing. The couples stepped onto the dance-floor, eager to dance to the music of the Colonial Club orchestra. The fact that the large gold ball weighed sixty-five pounds was one of the topics of conversation for the evening. One o'clock arrived all too soon. After several encores had been played, many good-nights were said and couples disappeared into the night.

## R. S. G. A. HALLOWE'EN PARTY

If a stranger had happened to enter Roycemore on a certain October evening before Hallowe'en, he would have been confronted by a strange scene. Although the school was lighted up and gaily decorated on the inside, it was shrouded in a mystery of unaccustomed silence. Even more mystifying were girls actually sitting in the gym, obviously alive, but silent. Only a Roycemore girl could explain this phenomenon. At that time the girls were consuming a hearty meal with much concentration and consequently had no time for conversation. Suddenly there was a welter of confused and discordant sounds. The feast was over and the girls again sounded normal. In one corner of the room a group of girls was busily talking while others were dancing, or rushing in and out preparing for their stunts. Upon looking over the room, one was able to see quite an assortment of very odd and original costumes, for "Pet Peeves" was the theme of the party. Then the freshmen emerged victorious with the prize for the best stunt. About eight-thirty the party broke up and the school was left once more in silence.

—BARBARA ALLEN, Editor of Activities

# SENIOR SPEECHES 1939-1940

Nancy Delaney ..... Privateering
Joan Mercer ..... Orchids
Joan Huth ..... Puppets
Margaret Walter ..... Griffins
Jane Bermingham ..... The White House
Bennette Freeman ..... Art
Nancy McCloud ..... Theater
Patricia Coburn ..... Panama Canal
Loraine Kirtland ..... Baha'i Temple
Mari Guinan ..... Italian Painters
Evelyn Parkhill ..... Gilbert and Sullivan
Joyce Sweet ..... New York Waterfront
Betty Magie ..... Slave Trade
Barbara Allen ..... Propaganda
Joanne Reed ..... Picasso
Jean Kelly ..... Carlsbad Caverns
Laura Winston ..... The Pullman Company
Marjorie Brown ..... Youth Hostels
Helen Speed ..... Gypsies
Kate Speed Kanaley ..... Clocks
Mary Lou Harrison ..... Audubon
Josephine Corcoran ..... Frozen Foods
Nancy McKisson ..... Bullfighting
Joan Schutter ..... Movies
Dorothy Amend ..... Horse Racing
Sue Page Hill ..... Calendars
Barbara Patterson ..... Dog Shows
Betty Doyle ..... Tennis
Madeline Porter ..... Bowling
Ann Ballinger ..... Mackinac Island
Bunny Byers ..... Animated Cartoons

# INFORMATION, PLEASE ON ROYCEMORE ALUMNAE

April 16, 1940

I. What are the new last names of Mary Morgan (that's an easy one!), Helen Steele, Nancy Stern, Barbara Bentley, Frances Hanchett, Eloise Wilson, Marianna McCabe, Gertrude Matthews, Nancy Merrick, Isabelle Tennant, Esther Grulee, Lorraine Eddy, Caroline Buck, Joan Elliot, Almyra Gibson, Cynthia Williamson, Jane Littell, Jane Harrison, Jane Albritton, Helen Sheafe, Margaret Clare Speed, Miralotte Sauer, Nancy Boggs, Jane Hoover, Irene Kitchell.

II. Which of our brides married Roycemore brothers? Jean Bullard, Jane Holmes' brother; June Wilson, Virginia Woodland's brother, and Virginia's daughter Ann was flower girl; Paige Roby, Faith Hardy's brother; Doris Lane, the brother of Betty Jane Doyle, a Senior at Roycemore. Georgeanne Rundall is engaged to a cousin of Florence and Barbara Barry.

III. Who else is engaged? Name eleven, no doubt we have missed some! Just start the alphabet, A, B,—Barbara Austin, Helen Gambrill, Milancie Hill, Mary Elizabeth Spencer, Barbara Emerson, Joanne Williamson, Sally Hallberg, Betty Crandall, Jean Keith, Mary Louise Alger, Lorraine Roach.

IV. What three alumnae are winning fame in the fine arts? Barbara Mettler, who sends fascinating notices from her School of the Dance in New York; Helen Beach at her Studio Gallery in Ravinia; Louise Gutmann, who has a very successful dancing class in Beverly Hills, California. Frances Badger deserves special notice, three exhibits this winter, and Monday classes at Roycemore.

V. Do you know our "Gray Ladies"? Evelyn Robinson, Jane Hoover, Molly Mercer.

VI. Who has a ranch in California, and who visited her? Lydia Hastings, Agnes Quisenberry.

VII. Who sailed the Pacific this winter? Gertrude Matthews for her honeymoon in Hawaii; Helen Johnson, home for a visit from Manilla. From another tropical isle came Virginia Woodland, on a visit from Cuba.

VIII. Name a few honors that came to Roycemore Alumnae. Always happens! Norma Faricy was on the Freshman honor list at Vassar, Eleanor Grant on the Dean's list at Smith. Barbara Austin was made a member of Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar. Frances Webb received an award at Northwestern, and Barbara Terry was put on the honor list. Joy Garrison received the local Vassar Scholarship; Jema Avakian a scholarship at Rockford, where she is a member of the Student Government Board, a special honor for a Freshman. (Last summer Fran Webb had amusing publicity when she met a young man in Denver she had just missed in most of the cities of Europe, and he turned out to be a newspaper reporter, with photographers in attendance.)

IX. Interesting jobs? Jane Whitacre, on the "Want a Job" radio program staff; Christy Fox, society editor of a Los Angeles paper; Mera Galloway, radio advertising in Boston; Barbara Barry, Public Service Co.; Lorraine Matthews, teaching science at Latin School and studying for a Master's degree at Northwestern; Betsy Garrison travels with a puppet show.

X. Who have the busiest job of all? Mothers of new babies: Betty Fisher, Suzanne Wilson, Ann Timson, Virginia West, Janet Graham, Camilla Folds, Dorothy Cline, Marjorie Helm, Margaret Huth, Margaret McCall, Dorothy Davis, Marianne Hoover, Jane Lawrence, Betty Lou Olmsted, Judy Woodruff, Ruth Harvey, Alberta Woodruff, Isabella Eustice, Cora Kling, Frances Buck, Mimi Schaffer, Dorothy Fabian.

XI. Who have returned to live in Evanston? Sara Betty Robinson, Judy Woodruff, Isabella Eustice.

XII. Which class has organized and is meeting once a month? Twenty-Five.

## THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE ON ROYCEMORE'S ANNIVERSARY

Dear Miss Walter:

As I look back to the creation of **The Griffin** my mind is somewhat hazy as to the actual business problems of executing the book. I remember that I felt the weight of the whole school on my shoulders. A few incidents stand out clearly in my mind because I worried about them. One was the drawing of the sketches depicting our activities. I finally had to do most of them myself and they turned out to be most "unusual." The jokes were also a great problem, as I was very apprehensive that they would be too risqué. The faculty helped us a great deal in our first venture.

I have not seen any of the later **Griffins,** but they should be very superior now after so many years of practice.

I wish I might be more help to you. However, the more effort you put in your job, the more it will mean to you. Don't take your frustrations too seriously as I doubt if there will ever be a perfect **Griffin** to its Editor.

Sincerely,
ELIZABETH C. CLARK

Dear Miss Walter:

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I look back on the first days of Student Government at Roycemore. The first Student Government Association came into being in the fall of 1924. It was a new venture with all of us, one which we had to learn by the trial and error method. But that it would succeed was apparent from the start, for faculty and students alike adopted the plan with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Our theory was that a self-imposed government would be more profitable to us all than a set of rules enforced by the faculty. As I recall, the rules that we formulated fell into four classes which were approximately these: courtesy, conduct in study hall, attitude toward class and school activities, neatness.

Our first board was made up of the president, vice-president, and one representative of each class; the president and vice-president of the Commonwealth; the faculty adviser of each class; and Miss Ashley and Mrs. Preston.

There was great rivalry between the classes, each one striving for the highest record in Student Government. As I remember it, that year each girls' loyalty to

her own class and her eagerness to do nothing which could give her class a black mark with the Student Government Association almost at once proved that our theory of self-government was a good one.

At the end of the first year we felt that, while we had begun only the barest framework of the Student Government Association as it would develop in future years, we were all finer girls as a result of it and we had had a great deal of pleasure in its beginning.

Sincerely yours,
VIRGINIA TINGLE MADDEN

Dear Miss Walter:

During her second year at Roycemore, Miss Rice felt there was need for a more closely knit dramatic organization to serve as the nucleus for active production work. The name "Masque and Dirk" was chosen since it signified both comedy and tragedy. To become a member it was necessary to work on enough programs to earn a certain number of points.

The charter members, who assisted Miss Rice in drawing up the plans for Masque and Dirk, were: Margaret Dunham, Mary Eleanor Buck, Jane Whitacre, Peggy Milne, Roberta Scott, Margaret Broomell, Martha Mary Hachmeister, Marjorie Cowan, Avis Kennicott, Mary Kerr, and Mary Duryee.

Invitations to membership were issued to fifteen girls and initiation was held May 28, 1928. Initiates were: Elizabeth Freudenreich, Betty Kingsley, Sheila Hartwell, Jo Day, Christy Fox, Dorothy Fabian, Anne Hopkins, Maria Lothholz, Mary Eleanor Gray, Phoebe Hedrick, Camilla Folds, Eleanor Stewart, Cornelia Fabian, Gretchen Keene, and Kitty Shepherd.

One of the first activities of the members of the new Masque and Dirk was acquiring some furniture for the recently completed drama room. Three screens and a cabinet were painted Kelly green. (We thought it would be a much darker shade.) We had a great deal of fun over the painting and furnishing, the former being rather disastrous in spots, but we were all pleased with the results.

Through the splendid work Miss Rice has done in the intervening years, Masque and Dirk has grown and developed. All told there are 293 girls who could answer to a roll-call of Masque and Dirk.

Sincerely,
MARY DURYEE

# LOWER SCHOOL



Top row: Grulee, Seaman, Bennett, Laird, Wagner, Rogers, Guinan, Pirie, Finney, Bogan. Front row: Frost, Kempf, Carson, Weir, Wickes, Pirie, Hughes, Edwards, Holland, Ruxton

# EIGHTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Martha Pirie | Eloise Hughes |
| Vice-President | Mary Lou Ruxton | Anne Guinan |
| Secretary | Nancy Pirie | Louise Grulee |
| Treasurer | Marilyn Wickes | Betty Bennett |

Betty Bennett
Bobsy Bogan
Margaret Carson
Suzanne Edwards
Sue Finney
Bobsie Frost
Louise Grulee
Anne Guinan
Sally Holland
Eloise Hughes
Jeanette Kempf
Margaret Jo Laird
Martha Pirie
Nancy Pirie
Margaret Rogers
Mary Lou Ruxton
Edith Seaman
Janet Wagner
Elisabeth Weir
Marilyn Wickes



Top row: Hays, Sherritt, Blunt, Haskell, Spooner, Hartlett, Sullivan. Front row: Snyder, Jones, Dean, Schreiner, Curtis, Schwarz, Esler, Becker

# SEVENTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Susan Schreiner | Anne Haskell |
| Vice-President | Helen Spooner | Susan Schreiner |
| Secretary | Anne Haskell | Marcia Sullivan |
| Treasurer | Ann Blunt | Ann Blunt |

Joan Ann Becker
Ann Blunt
Clair Curtis
Marilyn Dean
Vera Esler
Dorothy Hartlett
Anne Haskell
Janis Hays
Joanne Jones
Susan Schreiner
Peggy Lou Schwarz
Evaro Jean Sherritt
Sally Snyder
Helen Spooner
Winifred Stene
Marcia Sullivan



Top row: Grier, Hansmann, Munns, Sutter, Lizars, Larson, Evans, Nock. Front row: Ellis, Kuhnen, Davis, Meyers, Steele, Shrader, Anderson, Sherman, Garner

## SIXTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Phoebe Steger | Mary Sutter |
| Vice-President | Susie Evans | Georgene Nock |
| Secretary | Jeanne Hansmann | Jeanne Hansmann |
| Treasurer | Henrietta Lizars | Gertrude Munns |
| Marjory Church | | Gertrude Munns |
| Susie Evans | | Georgene Nock |
| Jeanne Hansmann | | Phoebe Steger |
| Eva Myra Larson | | Mary Sutter |
| Henrietta Lizars | | Patsy Watson |

## FIFTH FORM

| | First Semester | Second Semester |
|---|---|---|
| President | Ardis Kuhnen | Patricia Meyers |
| Vice-President | Alida Sherman | Rachel Grier |
| Secretary | Rachel Grier | Alida Sherman |
| Treasurer | Maryella Garner | Elaine Davis |
| Polly Anderson | | Ardis Kuhnen |
| Elaine Davis | | Patricia Meyers |
| Suzanne Ellis | | Alida Sherman |
| Maryella Garner | | Suzanne Shrader |
| Rachel Grier | | Mary Jane Steele |



Nancilou Davis, Olivelynn Gail, Ellin Wynne, Alice Ayars, Pollyanne Bryant, Florissa De Vries, Estelle Blunt, Ellen De Moe

## FOURTH FORM

President ..... Gingy Allen
Vice-President ..... Florissa De Vries

Virginia Allen
Alice Ayars
Estelle Blunt
Florissa De Vries
Olivelynn Gail
Ellin Wynne

## THIRD FORM

President ..... Pollyanne Bryant
Vice-President ..... Ellen De Moe

Pollyanne Bryant
Nancilou Davis
Ellen De Moe
Carey Roloson



Van Vactor, Tibbetts, Alton, Hansen, Hansmann, Sherman, Hansen, Buckley, Garner

## SECOND FORM

President . . . . . Barbara Banghart
Vice-President . . . . . Joan De Vries

Barbara Banghart (2nd sem.)
Daria Brown
Joan De Vries
Nancy Hansen
Dale Hansmann
Helen Sherman
Judith Tibbetts

## FIRST FORM

President . . . . . Danny Case
Vice-President . . . . . Stephen Edwards

Eleanor Alton
Danny Case
Stephen Edwards
Harlene Plotkin
Robert Roloson
Adrian Van Vactor
Maryl Whipple

## KINDERGARTEN

Joanne Buckley
Joy Garner
Lynn Hansen
Susan Johnston (2nd sem.)

# LITERARY PRIZE FOR 1940

Awarded to Sally Holland

## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

### A True Story Told by a Dog

One afternoon after I had come in from one of my frequent excursions outside, I discovered that something was going on—what I did not know. One big framed object was being put where another one used to be. While one thing was being hung on the wall, the other was neglected.

I decided that I would see about it and keep it company. The thing was round and had a shiny piece of something in the middle. When I got there what do you think I saw? A dog that was reddish brown and looked like some of my friends, but I had never seen this one before. There it stood, looking just like an imbecile. I went up and sniffed at the round object but could smell nothing. I sat there looking at it, waiting for it to speak first.

Suddenly its mistress came up and sat beside it. I wished that mine had been there, when all at once I felt her hand. I licked her hand to show her how happy I was that she was there. Then my attention was drawn to the object. I looked at it and then looked at my mistress. They were the same. They looked the same and were doing the same thing. I looked at the thing again and it was looking at me. There it stood with its ears perked up and tail wagging and so was mine. My mistress was stroking me and saying something, but I do not know what she said. I went under the piano and around the chair to see who they were, but could see no one.

I don't know what to think of it. It's there and yet it isn't. I think I'll go to sleep now. Why should I worry over nothing? —SALLY HOLLAND, VIII Form

These things I love:
The golden sun in all its light,
The silvery moon that shines by night,
The first spring buds that poke their heads
Courageously from wintry beds.
The tinkling of the dinner bell
And all that follows I love well.
But more than all the things above,
It's my little dog I really love.

—BETSY WEIR, VIII Form

# THE OCEAN IN SUMMER

The ocean in summer has many different moods, and if one looks on it as a friend one will understand it well. In early July when we first go down to the seashore, it is just beginning to get a little warm and the ocean is very pleasant, blue, and calm, and on a very bright and sunny day, diamonds sparkle and dance on the water. Some people do not care for the salt water, but I think it's really the best kind to swim in if one wants to stay up easily.

I love the little ripples on a calm day, as they wash upon the shore, lapping contentedly with little whitecaps the colored stones that line the shore. This is in July.

In the middle and latter part of August come many rough days when the ocean foams and crashes against the white sea wall, as the rain beats hard upon it. It seems to me that it is wildly showing its wrath at the rain which is beating down on it; but there are different days on which it is rough when I don't think it a bit mad, but rather having fun as it leaps and pounds about. It is green then and not a lovely blue as in July.

In September—Oh! September is the loveliest of all—the sea is very calm and placid and an icy blue in color. It seems to me to be resting after all the summer-people have left it in peace. The sand is pink and has tiny particles of stone in it that glisten and sparkle in the sun. As I look across the blue horizon, it is so clear sometimes that I see Long Island faintly outlined in the distance.

—SUZANNE EDWARDS, VIII Form

# A FANTASY

At the end of a large stretch of wooded land stood an imposing castle, which was called "The Princess's Castle." It was named that because the most beautiful princess in the whole world lived there; but this princess declared she would be an old maid and so she never left her castle at any time. She lived there all alone. She did not even have a servant to keep her company. Everyone in the village wondered why she did not get lonesome all alone in such a large and dark place, but Princess Diana was not lonesome. She would sleep the whole day and then stay awake all night.

Diana hated the day and loved the night. She loved the night when everything and everyone were quiet and peaceful. She cared for no exercise, but when she woke up for the night she would lie quietly and watch the shadows on the walls.

The trees made the shadows, and Diana would try to make out the shapes of the trees. She would imagine that they were her ladies-in-waiting. She had one particular shadow that she liked best. It was broad-shouldered and strong. This was her Prince Charming. She would sit there hour after hour watching the shadows, talking to them and listening to their answers. Diana thought the trees had many mouths. Their mouths were the leaves and as they rustled in the breeze they would answer all of Diana's questions, which were many. Diana understood the shadows and they were her company. That was why Diana was never lonesome.

Every morning before dawn a shadow of a man carrying a basket of food would be seen by the peasants, but when the first beam of dawn came all was quiet and forsaken again.

—LOUISE GRULEE, VIII Form

# MIDNIGHT

It was midnight on the wavy sea.
The land was dark as it could be.
The yellow moon was the only light
To make a pathway through the night.

A silhouette against the sky
Of a little man came riding by.
He stopped his horse at the water's edge
And cast a shadow, a silvery wedge.

His horse was named "Courage" and his rider named "Right,"
Two virtues so frequently lost in the night.
"Right" turned his head in the silence and gloom,
Thinking and waiting for his sudden doom.

His boon companion was ready and sure.
To fail his master he could not endure.
"Right" kicked his horse with his spurs, pulled his mane,
And rode to the moon to come back here again.

—JANIS HAYS, VII Form

These things I love:

I love the sun upon the bay,
The bright stars in the sky,
The flowers in the breeze that sway,
And rocks on the sand that lie.

I also love the ocean blue
That sings, and rolls, and roars,
And white-winged ships that are so new,
And the bird in the sky that soars.

I love the quiet snow at night,
And trees that sigh and sway,
And snowbound houses without a light,
And glistening with snow all day.

And then I love my home so dear,
Where I can always stay,
And when I know it is so near,
It helps me every day.

—BOBSIE FROST, VIII Form

## MY TRIP

Mother, Daddy, and I started for California with the temperature four degrees below zero. The windows and windshield of our car were so covered with frost that we could scarcely see out. We were heading southwest, however, and we knew that this intense cold could not last for long. We crossed the length of Illinois, and entering Missouri we found the country much the same until we reached the Ozark Mountains. These mountains as compared with snowcapped mountains were nothing but winding hills.

The next state we went through was Oklahoma. The country in that state was dotted with oil fields and winter wheat. When we reached the western half of Oklahoma a cowhand with high-heeled boots, spurs, chaps, and a broad brimmed Stetson was not an uncommon sight. Next we crossed the Oklahoma border and entered the panhandle of Texas. Here the weather started to get warm. We were leaving snow and ice behind. Many people were not even wearing hats and coats. Large herds of Hereford cattle were grazing on the open range.

Next we crossed New Mexico. Here we saw the Pueblo and Navajo Indians. Some of them were still cliff-dwellers. Many of them lived in logans made of clay with thatched roofs. The Indian women wore bright-colored shawls, many strings of beads, and full skirts of varied colors. Often a baby was strapped to their backs. You would never believe that people could live under such very primitive conditions.

The next day we crossed the state of Arizona. In that state we saw mostly sagebrush and cactus. We saw also many joshua trees and buttes. Just about the time that we began to think that the desert was endless, we crossed the Colorado River, and entered Needles, the first town in California. What a treat it was to find flowers blooming and beautiful palm and orange trees everywhere. From Needles we went to Los Angeles, and then to Encino, a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles. Los Angeles was a dream city with homes built right on the side of hills. There were mountains inside the great city's limits, and canyons full of romance. Finally in front of us stretched the Pacific. We had reached the farthest west point in the United States.

—JOANNE JONES, VII Form

## FOG

Fog to me is one of the most exciting and yet quiet things I have ever experienced. In Maine, where my family spends the summer, the fog is frequent. I look forward to the times when it comes. We live right on the coast, so when it rolls in it is very thick around our house. In the distance we can hear the eery sound of the lighthouses' fog horns. Fog is so quiet when it comes that before you even stop to think it is all about you. Outside everything is misty and weird, and objects which once were everyday, familiar things, now seem ghostly. The ocean waves beat upon the shore, but you cannot see them. All is covered by the dense quiet fog. Lights show faintly from nearby houses, but all things have taken on new shapes and seem changed and different. Sometimes they seem even frightening. The trees make gray shadowy patterns against the sky. All is still except for the intermediate sounds of the fog horn, first from one of the islands offshore, then from the mainland not far off, and then from the island twelve miles offshore, sounding mournful yet clear and distinct. All during the night they sound, and then as quickly and as silently as it came the fog rolls out to sea or down the coast to a new community in the dark night, leaving all peacefully sleeping.

—ANNE HASKELL, VII Form

## RUSHMORE MEMORIAL

Last summer when we went away, one of the things we saw was Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills of South Dakota. It was very interesting. There are four faces carved out of the rock. They are Lincoln, Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, and Jefferson. When we were there they had finished Lincoln and Washington and they were carving the glasses on Roosevelt. It is said that when they finish carving the faces they will be higher than the Pyramids of Egypt. The workmen get down from the faces in a small basket which is on a cable. The basket holds about two men.

As we were leaving Rushmore Memorial we drove through three tunnels. These tunnels were arch-shaped and as you looked back you could see Rushmore Memorial. It looked as if it was in a picture frame. It was very beautiful. I would like to go there again when it is finished.

—GEORGENE NOCK, VI Form

## AUTUMN

Here's autumn with its sunny days,
And some are frosty too,
With golden wheat and pumpkins gay
Against a sky so blue.

The leaves that slowly flutter down
From trees are gayly dressed
In orange, brown, and gold and red,
Clothed in their autumn best.

The fruits that crowd the orchard trees
Are ripening and bright,
We shall have apples sweet and chestnuts brown
Before the fire to-night.

I care not for the winter months,
So cold, so dull, so drear,
Hooray! Hooray for autumn! It's
The best time of the year!

—MARCIA SULLIVAN, VII Form

## A STAR

Up in the heavens I saw a star,
No clouds around the beauty to mar,
A star shining bright
Far into the night
With heavens around,
Not making a sound.

—JEANNE HANSMANN, VI Form

## OUR SLEIGH RIDE

On the first real snowy day in January, the fifth and sixth forms took out of their class dues five dollars for a sleigh ride. That morning we all brought heavy clothing and blankets. Roycemore Field was a sheet of snow. The streets were icy and snowy. It was a perfect day for a sleigh ride.

At two o'clock we were on our way. Everybody was bundled up in blankets and snuggled close together. We had two horses, one black and one white. There were seats along the side of the sleigh.

We sang songs till we were hoarse. Then we played Ghost and Beast, Bird or Fish. We were out for an hour and toward the end some of the girls got rather cold. It was a fine sleigh ride and lots of fun. —HENRIETTA LIZARS, VI Form

## DECEMBER

December is the month for me.
It brings the best of memory.
Snow and sleet and all that's nice,
All the games that are fun on ice.
It brings us Christmas with its joys,
Dolls and books and many toys.

—MARY SUTTER, VI Form

## CHRISTMAS

There was a little toy shop
  Down on the avenue.
It was a very pretty sight,
  With toys all bright and new.

And to the shop the children ran
  To buy some lovely toy,
And all were gone on Christmas Eve,
  Except a soldier boy.

It's hard to keep a little shop
  That's bare on Christmas Eve,
So then the owner of the shop
  Resolved to take his leave.

The soldier boy was terribly sad
  When he heard his dismal plight,
But when the old Swiss clock struck twelve
  A stranger came in sight.

"That soldier boy is just the thing
  To give to my young lad."
The soldier's spirit leaped with pride,
  No longer was he sad.

The saddest heart at Christmas time
  Belongs to that poor toy
That hasn't found a loving home
  With some sweet girl or boy.

—MARJORY CHURCH, VI Form

## THE MOON

During the dark and lonely night,
When all has quieted down,
Up in the sky there's a brilliant light
That shines o'er all the town.
It is so white and beautiful,
From dusk till early morn.
Sometimes when it's completely round,
A weird old face is born.
When you wake up at early dawn
And see no moon's bright ray,
You know that the lovely moon
Has slowly floated away.

—GERTRUDE MUNNS, VI Form

## THE SNOW

The snow is falling silent and still.
It falls and alights on the window sill.
It falls with a fairy grace
And looks like tiny bits of lace.
It's a lovely sight to watch the snow come down,
As it falls o'er field and wood and town.

— EVA LARSON, VI Form

## MAY

Bending, blossoming, lovely trees,
Swaying in the sweet May breeze,
Soft twilight from the fading sun,
Show us that night has now begun.

— SUSIE EVANS, VI Form

## THE SKATERS

See the skaters gliding o'er
The ice so white and gleaming,
Their cheeks so red,
Their eyes so bright,
Their faces fairly beaming.

How I love to go and skate
And leave dull school behind me.
I whirl and spin, then sit down hard,
But you just try a figure eight!

— RACHEL GRIER, V Form

## OUR TRIP TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

One day in February the fifth and sixth forms went down to the Chicago Historical Society. We went down especially to see the Abraham Lincoln exhibit. When we got down there we left our coats in the auditorium and found our guide.

First we went down to the basement and looked at the model of Fort Dearborn. We saw some of the logs of the second Fort Dearborn. Inside there were some of the Indian things found around Chicago. We saw a model of John Kinzie's cabin. Then we saw a covered wagon and some carriages. There was a carriage that Abraham Lincoln rode in.

Then we went up to the first floor. There we saw the dioramas of Chicago. There was one of the Chicago fire and it looked as if the smoke was moving in the background. We saw a room with shelves all around it. On the shelves were small models of women who played a part in Chicago's history. In another room there were bigger models. There was the fan that George Washington gave to Martha Washington. One room was an old Victorian room.

On the second floor was the Lincoln room. We saw many of Lincoln's things. There was the hat he wore to the theater the night he was shot. We saw some of Mrs. Lincoln's things too. There were some models of the old Chicago stores. There was a room that had a great big table in the middle. It was a relief map. Our guide pointed out some of the buildings. We saw the bed Lincoln died in. It was much too short for him. We saw a room copied from an old cabin. We also saw a room furnished with the furniture that was in the parlor of Lincoln's Springfield home.

It was all very interesting, and we look forward to going again.

—ALIDA SHERMAN, V Form

## A SNOWY EVENING

The snow was coming down in flakes
  And ice was forming on the lakes.
The world wore a blanket of white,
  As the moon shone down that night.

The children sat around the fire,
  For they never seem to tire
Of hearing stories Grandma told
  Of the Knights in days of old.

—HENRIETTA LIZARS, VI Form

## BY THE SEA SHORE

By the sea shore one fine day,
  "In the merry month of May,"
Many children stopped to play,
  Building castles by the shore,
To be shaken by the ocean's roar.

—SUSIE EVANS, VI Form

## A CAT

Once there was a cat
Who had a batch of kits.
They all were nice and fat,
Their fur was soft as mitts.

This cat caught a rat
And gave it to her kits,
And then she caught a bat
Which threw her into fits.

The cat caught a mouse,
The mouse began to squeak.
The cat took it to her house
Where the kits played hide-and-seek.

— PATRICIA MEYERS, V FORM

## MY WALLPAPER

I love the paper in my room,
  With puppies by the gate.
They're looking very lonesome,
  As if they had to wait.

There are houses very tiny,
  No dog could ever enter,
With flowers all around them,
  And roses in the center.

— MARY JANE STEELE, V Form

## THE CLOCK IN THE HALL

There's a clock in our hall,
  Which stands against the wall.
It's a great big one.
  I think it weighs a ton.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
  Said the big hall clock.
As the pendulum swung,
  The hour of twelve rung.

— FLORISSA DE VRIES, IV Form

## OUR MONKEY

We have a monkey. She is brown and white. Her name is Susie Q. She was in the hospital for a long time. We have another monkey now. His name is Petie. He is black and white. He is Deany's monkey. Susie Q is my monkey. They play together in the cage.

Some way he learned to whistle. He whistles when he sees food. He looks cute when he does it.

We took his teeth out because he was so bad when we first got him. He is better now than he used to be.

Deany took him to San Francisco to meet mother and me. We had just come from Honolulu. He liked to ride in the car. He put his paws on the window and looked out. We got food for him at the hotels where we stayed.

— OLIVELYNN GAIL, IV Form

## MY LITTLE SISTER

I have a little sister,
As cute as can be,
For when I come home
She always plays with me.

She has a little duck
That she pulls with a string.
She wabbles when she walks
Like the ducky on the wing.

I rock her in my rocking chair,
I sing her lullabies,
But poor little Nantie,
Sometimes she laughs and cries.

— POLLY ANNE BRYANT, III Form

## THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES

Today the first snow fell from the sky.
As we ran out to play it drifted by,
Slowly dancing through the air,
Softly fluttering everywhere.

— ELLEN DE MOE, III Form

## FALL

The leaves are falling to the ground.
They make a very curious sound.
Fluttering, fluttering through the air,
The sound of leaves is everywhere.

— CARY ROLOSON, III Form

## OUR JACK-O'-LANTERN

We went to the store to buy a pumpkin. We made it into a Jack-o'-lantern. We put it on our table. We made a song about the Jack-o'-lantern. This is our song.

Jack-o'-lantern, Jack-o'-lantern,
What a funny face I see,
Sitting up there on our table,
Smiling over at me.

— JOAN DE VRIES, II Form

## AUTUMN

The wind is tossing the gay colored leaves,
Blowing them down from the tossing trees.
The air is filled with color gay
This lovely golden autumn day.

— BY THE GROUP, II Form

## SNOW

The snow is falling down, down, down,
Flying and whirling round, round, round.
We have a very fine hill near.
We like it most when winter is here.
This snow is making it smooth and white.
It will be covered with snow by night.

— HELEN SHERMAN, II Form

## THE SNOWFALL

What a beautiful world it is today!
Yesterday it wasn't at all this way.
The trees were bare, the roofs were brown.
Now each is wearing a soft white gown.
Our hedge is covered with feathery balls
And here and there one quietly falls.
All the world is so still and white,
For snow fell softly all last night.

— BY THE GROUP, II Form

## NEDDY

He's still a little boy, my little
brother Neddy,
When he walks alone, he's really
quite unsteady.

— CARY ROLSON, III Form

# DIALOGUE

Aphrodite and Pallas Athene were sitting on a bench in a garden on Mount Olympus. They were talking about Eros, the son of Aphrodite.

"I really do not know what to do about Eros. He likes Psyche so much," said Aphrodite with a sigh.

"Don't you like lovely Psyche?" asked Athene.

"I do not," curtly remarked Aphrodite.

"And why not?" asked Athene.

"Because she is taking my Eros away from me. He even thinks that she is more beautiful than I, his mother. Even now he is in Psyche's garden, talking to her."

"You should not dislike her," replied Athene. "She is very good and beautiful. She would make a perfect mate for mischievous Eros."

"Ah, even you, the goddess of wisdom, are against me," said Aphrodite, with a note of bitterness in her voice.

"You, the goddess of love, should not be unhappy when your own son falls in love with a woman as nice as Psyche," said Athene.

"But to think that my own son loves a woman better than me. And I am the goddess of love and beauty," answered Aphrodite, sarcastically. "Well, I must go now to my mirror-pond where my maids will bathe me."

Then Aphrodite left Athene sitting on the bench in the garden.

—ANN BLUNT, VII Form

We built a house out of blocks in our room. We made some furniture for it. In front of our house we made a garden with blue and pink flowers in it. We made some fudge with our little electric stove. It was very good.

We made a grocery store too. It was called the "Harloff Grocery."

— Joanne Buckley, Joy Garner, Lynn Hansen, Susan Johnston, Kindergarten

I have a dog. His name is Patsy. Patsy is a good dog sometimes.

I'm going to tell you a story about my dog. One day the cleaner came in. We were very surprised to see Patsy not bite the cleaner. Sometimes he bites people but he does not bite the cleaner. —HARLENE PLOTKIN, I Form

# THE SCISSORS GRINDER

I hear the scissors grinder going by.
"Knives and scissors to sharpen," is his cry.
All day he pushes his old black cart
All through the town from part to part.
In late winter he always comes to town,
And through every street he goes up and down.

— NANCY HANSEN, II Form

Stephen has a pony,
A pony that is brown.
He says, "I ride my pony
Down to the town."

— First Form

# FEATURE

# PRIZE AWARDED TO ANN BALLINGER

## DO YOU WANT OOMPH? GO TO ROYCEMORE!

Mutual Life Insurance Company says that "every baby should have a good start in life." Enroll your baby in Roycemore immediately!

Dumb Dora? She's not so dumb — she eats Shredded Ralston and goes to Roycemore; she does her homework on Scot Towels; she has the "Kleenex-habit"; she does not have "Gaposis"; and her motto is "Lip, lip, hooray!"

"Do you worry about your hair?" You don't have to set it if you go to Roycemore.
Roycemore girls have licked "Tattle Tale Gray" by wearing a Roycemore uniform.
"Les Parfums de Corday bring out the gypsy in your soul." So does Roycemore!
"To people who want to write and can't get started." Go to Roycemore!
"I just can't find any time to read books!"—Slogan used by the Book of the Month Club through the courtesy of Roycemore students.

"Get a new flavor to your Virginia ham." Join the Roycemore Masque and Dirk Club.

Chevrolet says, "Hitch your license to a star."—Marry a Roycemore girl. Studebaker says, "She's thrilling to look at and inexpensive to own." Years later they will say, "She is forty and still looks like a Roycemore girl."

—JANET RICHARDSON, XI Form

To bake a cake or plank a steak,
  There's really nothing to it;
To jitterbug or cut a rug — why!
  Countless millions do it!

The law of gravitation is to me
  Just as simple
As to swoon and sigh, laugh or cry
  At Mr. Gable's dimple.

But the worst fate of man or beast
  That I could ever fashion,
Is to write a poem of many lines,
  No matter what my passion.

—GINNY RUSSELL, IX Form

# SHORT WAVES

This is Winnie Winchell, your roving Roycemore reporter, reviewing for you the events of 1939-1940.

In Roycemore there has always been great interest in the theater. The Seniors have seen "Life With Father" once, but they have heard about life with Papa many, many times. For complete information, see Kate Kanaley.

Flash! Latest results from the Gallup poll! Upper-classmen unanimously vote to give the Class of '43 four free lectures on make-up and how to apply it.

Austin, in her usual role of inquisitor, asked the French lecturer if young people in Europe spend as much time on their homework as we do at Roycemore. Turning observing blue eyes toward her, he remarked, "You don't look as if you spent more than an hour a day on your studies." Confucius say, "Teacher sometimes fooled, but stranger see truth."

Miss Ashley was overjoyed by a conference with a fortune-teller. The crystal ball said that Kuhnen will be the first Rhodes Scholar from Roycemore.

In a recent interview, Mrs. Keith Preston did her bit for swing by recommending "Scatterbrain" and "1939 A.D." for the first two places on the Hit Parade.

The Senior Day of Days! Magie came to school on time; McKisson didn't say Shhh! in class-meeting; Monnie shortened her skirt; and, believe it or not, Tootie Porter came to school in her very own clothes.

Roycemore unfortunates have been found to be Joan Moore, Julie Lane, and Patsy Harbrecht — pursued, wooed, and still wanting.

Having seen "Our Town," Ted F. Rice couldn't get out of Roycemore fast enough.

Exposé! Roycemore morals slipping! Roycemore girls smoke their way through three plays. How useful smoke screens are!

This is Winnie Winchell signing off.

# EVENING STUDY

Hargreaves made the spinning jenny —
There's the phone — Jean's going with Kenny!
Now where was I? Latin — here
"Their blood stood still; stiff with fear
They offered prayers. Their hair rose high —
Dick Jurgen's playing **My Last Goodbye.**
I'll turn to French, "Il faut que nous
Finissions bientôt car vous —"
I'm thirsty; I'll have to get a Coke.
Bob Hope just made a feeble joke.
He's always laughing at the weather.
Where's my Conrad's **End of the Tether?**
Don't like this polish — and the color!—
I never saw my nails look duller.
Why, Dad and Mother back so soon?
You say it's warm out, just like June?
I wouldn't know; I've sat here — slaved;
I guess I'm just too well behaved.

ANN BALLINGER, XII Form

Sept. 14 Girls sleepless over thought of seeing friends.
Sept. 15 Girls sleepless after seeing friends and receiving assignments.
Oct. 9 Mrs. Preston looks for "hephalumpfs" on library roof. Finds only juniors.
Oct. 15 Demetre's finds business picking up as juniors shine on honor roll.
Oct. 20 Delaney tries to convert freshmen. Escorts them to temperance lecture.
Nov. 20 Roycemore beats Girls' Latin School.
Nov. 22 Roycemore goes French. Bogan gets sick. We wonder whether it was the food or **something else?**
Nov. 27 Klaner and Mellor try calculations four times but aren't "scientifically correct."
Jan. 16 Tootie grows fingernails and braces herself for Prom.
Jan. 18 Seniors practice for basketball with $100 as the ball.
Jan. 25 "Hollywood photographer" very busy on Prom night. Where are the results?
Jan. 27 Ricey and Miss McKenzie share a secret with their mouths full.
Jan. 31 Kuhnen breaks non-cooperation record by coming out for basketball.
Feb. 3 School commissioner scorns red nails.
Feb. 7 Chinese philosopher visits school. No telling what he says.
Feb. 15 Webb and Sheridan proudly display their battle scars to breathless class.
Feb. 16 New members of Athletic Association are initiated. Upperclassmen find out which freshmen can carry a tune.
Feb. 27 Brown has chance to show her executive powers while Laura basks.
Feb. 28 Brown applies for rest cure.
Feb. 29 Roycemore has an "ideal day," except for duck quack from Goushá.
Mar. 1 Former Roycemore girl, Peggy Hoyt, shows friendly rivalry by socking McCurdy.
Mar. 7 Miss Cox and Miss McKenzie trip on the same stone. We wonder where?
Mar. 8 Miss McKenzie posts four guards to "nab" school nurse.
Mar. 9 Latin School annihilates us in basketball; compensation in food.
Mar. 11 and 12 Chemistry students perform annual $H_2S$ experiment. Rest of school holds nose.

— Carolyn Johnson, Libby Austin, Sally Bogan, Nancy Drake, XI Form

## CONCENTRATION

I cannot ever concentrate
  While riding on a train,
And when I'm in the study hall
  I never use my brain.

But when the radio's on full blast
  And Glenn gets in the groove,
I do my studies with a zest
  That Cicero would approve.

I know it's not the good old way
  Of learning very well,
But Goodman's such a real delight
  That Latin turns out swell.

This may not make **The Griffin,**
  But my brain is out of function,
For Mother accidentally broke
  My new **Tuxedo Junction.**

— JULIE LANE, IX Form



# THE MARCH OF DIMES

Have you ever seen a girl sitting white-faced and trembling, watching the clock, her mouth working feverishly (repeating, no doubt, "1066, Battle of Hastings; 1215, Magna Carta"), and her clammy hands grasping a pencil which by now is so slippery as to make its use impossible? Then you know why, when a hand is placed under her nose, palm upward in a suggestive manner, and a voice says unexpectedly, "Have you paid your dime?" she jumps suddenly and forgets completely when the Battle of Hastings took place.

Shall we tolerate this distress further? Would it not be better to have the amount placed on the bills for Mother and Father to worry about?

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuition fee ..... | $450.00 |
| Laboratory fee ..... | 7.50 |
| Blue books ..... | .10 |

How can teachers expect to pass out exam-sheets properly when some one is bobbing about beneath their noses, piping "Having you paid your dime?" Why don't we have a gypsy girl with a tambourine to dance through the hall? It would be less disturbing. She could sing for us, and then we would throw the dimes into her tambourine; and this arrangement would be much more fun for everyone (except possibly the gypsy girl).

Better yet, we could have an exam-time glee club made up of Miss Ashley and Mrs. Preston, who could sing, before each exam, "Have you paid your dime?" to the tune of "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Ah, well, the dime has been collected in the same way as that described in the first paragraph ever since Roycemore girls took exams, and for that reason, the custom will probably last forever.

—JANE ALLAN LOEB, XI Form

Past stucco walls,
Through varnished halls,
Our staid alumnae trod;
In pits of gloom,
Through many a room,
Young Roycemorons now plod.
Alumnae sweet
With quiet feet
Once tiptoed into gym;
Chaotic clamor
And tap shoes' hammer
Now show our super vim.
From unmarked chairs
Down squeakless stairs
Alumnae walked to lunch;
From a frantic class
We bolt en masse
To Cooley's, with "the bunch."

Without a moan,
Without a groan,
Alumnae studied well;
But we are smart —
With all our heart
We wish our work in—!
In former days,
The girls won praise
For a student-gov that worked;
Now Roycemore raves
While Laura slaves
To do what we have shirked.
Some people say
We've gone astray,
And we are happy fools;
But we are wise,
And realize
Our school's the best of schools.

— JEAN FARICY, XI Form




















# SCHOOL STATISTICS FOR 1939-1940

| | Senior | Junior | Sophomore | Freshman |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Ability to Write | Guinan | Faricy | Kittermaster | Lane |
| Best Artist | Reed | Magie | Denison | Russell |
| Largest Appetite | Allen | Sherritt | Kuhnen | Thomas |
| Best Bluffer | Porter | Austin and Sherritt | Kuhnen | Evans |
| Best Student | Speed | Faricy and Austin | Price | Tabin |
| Best Athlete | Corcoran | Stover | Thomas | Nock |
| Best Actress | McCloud | Ingram and Stover | Tilden | Lane |
| Class Backbone | McKisson | Austin | Goushá | Russell |
| All-around Sport | Corcoran | Brown | Thomas | Nock |
| On Wrong Side of Faculty | Merrick | Foley | Kuhnen | Peake |
| Teachers' Pet | Winston | Amos | Goushá | Tabin |
| Best Disposition | Delaney | Richardson | Bradley | Fitzgerald |
| Sense of Humor | Porter | Brown | Tilden | Russell |
| Most Sophisticated | Harrison and Schutter | Faricy | Goushá | Donohue |
| Most Charming | Ballinger | Johnson | Veale | Chamberlaine |
| Most Lady Like | Huth | Faricy | Veale | Alther |
| Glamour Girl | Freeman | Bogert | Veale | Harbrecht |
| Career Girl | Walter | Ingram | Thomas and Gillfillan | Lane |
| Best Dressed | Guinan | Foley and Johnson | Wickman | Moore |
| First to Be Married | Sweet | Webb | Veale | Potts |
| Roycemore Girl | Winston | | | |

# SCHOOL STATISTICS FOR 1939-1940

| Favorite | Senior | Junior | Sophomore | Freshman |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Delicacy | Pastry | Hamburgers | Ice Cream | Roycemore Spaghetti |
| Expression | That's what I hate about this game. | Gad | Egad | You're Wanted on the Phone. |
| Popular Song | All the Things you are | All the Things You Are | In the Mood | All the Things You Are |
| Orchestra | Glenn Miller | Glenn Miller | Glenn Miller | Glenn Miller |
| Magazine | Mademoiselle | Mademoiselle | True Story | Life |
| Movie | GWTW | GWTW | GWTW | GWTW |
| Play | Outward Bound | Abe Lincoln in Illinois | What a Life | Abe Lincoln in Illinois |
| Girls' College | Smith | Vassar | Smith | Smith |
| Boys' College | Yale | Yale | Dartmouth | Princeton |
| Pastime | Sleeping | Skating | Sleeping | Going to Cooley's |
| Make of Car | Buick | Ford | Ford | Mercury |
| Actor | Errol Flynn | Laurence Olivier | Clark Gable | Errol Flynn |
| Actress | Bette Davis | Bette Davis | Vivien Leigh | Vivien Leigh |
| Book | Grapes of Wrath | GWTW | GWTW | GWTW |
| Place to go | Palmer House | College Inn | Censored | The Pump Room |

## CURTAIN TIME—THE CRITIC'S PAGE
## THE LEGITIMATE STAGE

| | |
|---|---|
| The Rivals | The Juniors and Seniors |
| Knickerbocker Holiday | No Gym |
| Strange Interlude | Study Period |
| Inspector General | Edith Lapham |
| No Time for Comedy | Review Week |
| Three after Three | Saturday Night Bedtime |
| As Thousands Cheer | The Palio |
| Torch Bearers | Coburn and Sweet |
| Escape | Graduation |
| You Can't Take It With You | Cheatin' Papers |
| French Without Tears | Impossible! |
| First Love | Helen Speed |
| Ghosts | The Roof-Menders |
| Judgment Day | Monday after Exams |
| A Comedy of Errors | Senior French Class |
| Too Many Girls | Roycemore |
| It Can't Happen Here | What? |
| What a Life | Need We Say More? |

MARI GUINAN and SUE HILL, XII Form

## THE MOVIES

| | |
|---|---|
| The Light that Failed | Idea for a Theme |
| Gone with the Wind | New Pencil |
| Vigil in the Night | Homework |
| Destry Rides Again | President of Student Government |
| Thunder Afloat | E. Rice at Rehearsal |
| Secret of Doctor Kildare | What's in Roycemore Spaghetti |
| Disputed Passage | Entrance to Senior Wing from Study-Hall |
| Another Thin Man | Stewart |
| The Cat and the Canary | B. Brown and the Freshmen |
| That's Right You're Wrong | Exam Question |
| The Roaring Twenties | Algebra Grade |

VIRGINIA RUSSELL, IX Form

"I'll have my Thanksgiving," said Roos,
"On any darn day that I choose.
They'll think I'm a worm
If I take a third term,
But with two feasts a year I can't lose."

— JANE MERRICK, XII Form



## SENIORS—"REMEMBER THE DAY"

In your freshman year, when

—Miss Ashley's "weak" class entered the Upper School?
—the wind bothered Mlle. Buck—or was it the radiator?
—the freshmen preferred red and blue stars to the monotony of pure gold?
—more than half the class haunted the senior wing to catch a glimpse of Betty Ullrich or Bibs Schnering?
—a freshman wasn't reported? Or **do** you?

In your sophomore year, when

—the sophomores led the Student Government Prom?
—Hamie and Sue Hill flooded the basement?
—Tootie's skirt disappeared and was discovered decorating a tree?
—stung by the remark that they did nothing but go to dances, the sophomores gave a **wonderful** Prom?

In your junior year, when

—Nancy McCloud dyed her hair to be "Queen Elizabeth?"
—the "A" division ventilated the French room to such an extent that Mlle. Preston had to get her coat **too?**
—the juniors were called "babies" and immediately adopted baby hair-cuts?
—there was a junior dinner dance which not only provided conversation for the following Sunday, but also Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and on and on?

In your senior year, when

—on September 16th, the Porter Hotel opened?
—the production of the Senior Play was doubtful because of Culver's attraction?
—Laura said, "The Prom is a good way to pay a boy back, either way you take it?"
—the "Glitter Ball" took place?
—the "No Visitors" sign appeared for the first time on the door to English class?
—Betty Magie, in her rush to the food at Latin School, fell down, blocking the doorway completely?
—"It was a hard struggle but we made it!"

— MONNIE WALTER and NANCY McKISSON, XII Form

## COMME IL FAUT

Here she comes shagging along in her shapeless size 6 moccasins from Stevens, and her white angora socks knit by her loving Aunt Jane. Her green skirt may seem too short to you, but the lady at the Gad-About has persuaded her to take it because it looks so well with the yellow sweater which not so long ago was in the window, reduced to $5.95. That tiny bit of lace at her throat isn't as trivial as it looks. It was the last collar of its kind that they had at Field's, and she spent most of her allowance on it. She has done her hair in the new front swirl, as much like the swirl on the heads of 2,000 teen-age girls in Evanston as she could make it. It looks "darling." The tan effect on her face is made by Velva Cream, and her lipstick is Arden's latest. She really is the typical Evanston Girl en route to Cooley's after a luxuriant Saturday morning's sleep, with nothing on her mind but the latest movie at the Varsity.

JULIE LANE, IX Form



# SCHOOL IN 2000 A. D.

School convenes at ten o'clock in the morning. We see smartly dressed students enter the school after parking their autogiros in the provided space, and go to their easy-chair desks with their books and writing boards. Suddenly the room is thrown mysteriously into darkness, and we see on the screen at the front of the room a motion picture telling of the day's lesson and explaining it in full. The actor in this movie is the teacher who lectures and demonstrates at the same time.

The students, while languidly sipping bottles of Coca-Cola, take notes on their writing boards. When the boards are apparently covered with writing, the students press a small switch which makes the writing disappear and causes a neat typewritten copy of what has been written to be emitted from a slot at the bottom of the board.

Every other day, recitations are given and recorded and marked mechanically. At the end of the period, the teacher gives the assignment for the next day, and the students deposit their previous day's work in an electrical counting and marking box. Then the students push a button located at the front of their desks, and go to their next class in the same desk, gliding over the floors as if they were in streamlined trains. Of course, when the students don't go directly to their classes, there are a few minor traffic jams; but soon even these casualties will be eliminated. The same film is repeated for the next class, this procedure continuing the entire morning.

When a piece of paper falls or is thrown to the floor, a small draft is caused which carries the paper away. If a student talks during a class, a small voltage of electrical current soon finds its way to the offender.

When lunch time comes around, the students proceed to a cafeteria and sit before an array of buttons labeled with the names of certain foods and their calorie-content. The student places his money in a small saucer on a belt and presses a button. The belt carries up the order with the correct change.

School is over at twelve-thirty.

—BUNNY BYERS, XII Form

Quotations all must charm and flatter.
If they lie it doesn't matter,
For it's easy to convince
Someone sour as a quince
That she's sweet as peppermints
If saccharine words you thickly scatter.

If the truth is to be told,
We love to hear ourselves extolled.
Editor say something sweet,
Make my happiness complete,
Tell me my hair is purest gold.

Don't be harsh; oh don't be cruel!
Don't you know the golden rule?
If I had your job, you bet
You'd get the best quotation yet;
I think you're the grandest girl in school.

— JANE MERRICK, XII Form

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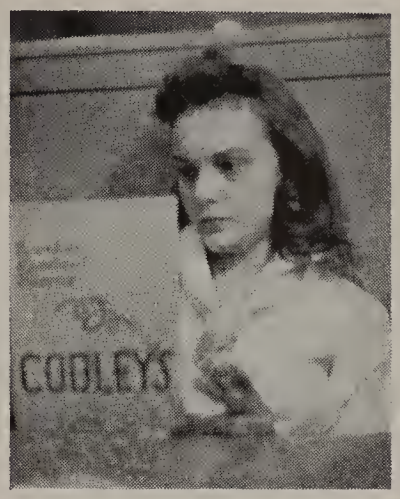
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I don't understa-a-and! Going north? Close the windows. Pay you tomorrow. Seniors can't graduate unless . . . Are you going to eat that? Say-List.

Got a dime? Who's Yuhoti? **Seniors** Guess who! Oh say-y

That's what I keep telling them down at the office. It's freezing in here. I forgot. If there's anything I hate it's *!?*: Open the windows. I'm hungry. NO.

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Ann Blunt, 33 Locust Road, Winnetka
Estelle Blunt, 33 Locust Road, Winnetka
Bobsy Bogan, 733 Milburn Street, Evanston
Sally Bogan, 733 Milburn Street, Evanston
Dale Bogert, 663 Walden Road, Winnetka
Aveline Bowman, 2219 Orrington Avenue, Evanston
Peggy Bradley, 425 Grove Street, Evanston
Betsy Brown, 1459 Asbury Avenue, Evanston
Daria Brown, 810 Forest Avenue, Wilmette
Marjorie Brown, 420 Sunset Road, Winnetka
Polly Ann Bryant, 2459 Prairie Avenue, Evanston
Joanne Buckley, 1500 Asbury Avenue, Evanston
Sue Buckley, 1500 Asbury Avenue, Evanston
Olive Elizabeth Byers, 2036 Orrington Avenue, Evanston

Margaret Carson, 455 Washington Avenue, Glencoe
Danny Case, 713 Ingleside Place, Evanston
Diane Chamberlaine, 92 Kedzie Street, Evanston
Marjory Church, 300 Church Street, Evanston
Ellen Coale, 322 Kenilworth Avenue, Kenilworth
Patricia Coburn, 930 Ridge Avenue, Evanston
Carolyn Conley, 2543 North Deere Park Drive, Highland Park
Courtney Cook, 150 Meadow Lane, Winnetka
Josephine Corcoran, 830 Milburn Street, Evanston

Barbara Corning, 381 Sheridan Road, Winnetka
Clair Curtis, 245 Linden Street, Winnetka

Elaine Davis, 7301 Sheridan Road, Chicago
Nancilou Davis, 418 Church Street, Evanston
Marilyn Dean, 706 Braeside Road, Highland Park
Shirley Dean, 706 Braeside Road, Highland Park
Nancy Delaney, 834 Valley Road, Glencoe
Ellen De Moe, 315 Davis Street, Evanston
Teresa Denison, 1030 Grove Street, Evanston
Florissa De Vries, 725 Colfax Street, Evanston
Joan De Vries, 725 Colfax Street, Evanston
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Suzanne Edwards, 2344 Sheridan Road, Evanston
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Susie Evans, 2006 Sheridan Road, Evanston
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Bobsie Frost, The Orrington, Evanston

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Jeanne Hansmann, 1220 Maple Avenue, Wilmette
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Lorayne Hoover, 1103 Sheridan Road, Evanston
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Barbara Ives, 210 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park

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Susan Johnston, 1124 Asbury Avenue, Evanston
Joanne Jones, The Orrington, Evanston
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Loraine Kirtland, 522 Forest Avenue, Wilmette
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Marcia Kuhnen, 1048 Forest Avenue, Evanston

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Nancy McKisson, 490 Hawthorne Lane, Winnetka
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Nancy Nock, 635 Milburn Street, Evanston

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Nancy Ryan, 1316 Maple Avenue, Evanston

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NancilouiseDavis

Cary Bell Roloson

Estelle Blunt

Florissa DeVries

Anne Holmes

Nancy Aanne Hansen

Joan De Vries

Daria Brown

Barbara Banghart

Judy Tibbitts

Olivelynn Gail

Lulu Langston

Harlene Plotkin.

Eleanor Alton

Adriach.

Ellin Wynne

Alice Ayars

Mary Jane Steele

Alida Sherman

Stephen

Rhulga Smith

Danny

Bobby Roloson

Mary Lee whipple

Emma E. Holmes.

Jane G. Smith

Caroline Kohlsaat

O

Eva Larson

Mary Sutter

Parsy Watson

Ginger Allen

Polly Anderson

Andis Kuhnen

Jo Ellen

Jeanne Hanemann

Pollyanna Bryant